Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 148.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 3. 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *M. Dixon and Co.*

Mr. C. A. Glentworth winning the "Graphic" Trophy on a 50 h.-p. Napier

The course of the race is about 4½ miles long, with two sharp turns, and an ascent of about a mile in length, averaging a gradient of 1 in 15. The pace was about 60 miles an hour, the distance being covered in 4 min. 39 4-5 sec., and it was a condition of the race that none but genuine touring cars should compete, the racing machine being prohibited

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
October 3, 1906

We hold no brief for the motorist, but "honour where honour is due." On a country road the other day we saw a motorist *deliberately avoid* running over an animal on the highway! To be exact, it was a circus elephant.

* * *

"The sowing of fixed or floating mines on the high seas is forbidden," says an Admiralty proclamation.

Company promoters in low water please note.

* * *

Another marriage-broking episode, mentioned in this week's *Truth*, had an unfortunate ending. The parties married.

* * *

Definitions

The snob—A paste diamond.

The prig—An imitation pearl.

* * *

There is a "Railway War" on in South Africa. It must be an exciting time for the poor passengers.

* * *

"While 'best clothes' are right and proper for church," remarked the Bishop of Dorking, in a recent sermon, "very smart clothes that attracted attention were out of place." The dear Bishop! As if anyone *ever* wore "very smart clothes" to church.

* * *

It was an "absurd printer's error" that made Mr. Bourchier say, in his criticism of *The Winter's Tale* in the *Tatler*, that "neither in the art of brawny character has he (Shakespeare) ever been surpassed." It should, of course, he explains, read, "neither in the art of character drawing." It is ungrateful of Mr. Bourchier thus to turn on the printer, who was, it seems, responsible for the one really original sentence in that criticism.

* * *

The season for "antique finds" is upon us. A Pimlico lady has discovered a bank-book at the back of an old picture, and a sixpence has been found entombed in a London egg. Strictly *entre nous*, it was a George IV. sixpence.

Photo] **Pete much perturbed** *[W. Summers*

Manx Fisherman Watching the Tourist Trophy Race in a Wayside Village: A study in expression

The Cape Government are firmly determined to oppose the landing of the *Xema* treasure-seekers on the Guano Islands. They have a shrewd suspicion, we hear, that the ostensible diamond-hunters are in reality after the guano.

* * *

The Yorkshire Choir now touring in Germany has addressed the Kaiser as "Protector of the Arts." Is not this somewhat of a misnomer, judging from the specimens of German music we are treated to over here?

* * *

Mr. J. Ratcliff Cousins, in resigning the Secretaryship of the Tariff Reform League, stated that "he would, however, be intimately connected with the League for many years to come; until, in fact, they had achieved success." Then he certainly will be connected with it for very many years to come.

* * *

Little Miss Phyllis Dare seems to be a bit of a cynic for her sixteen years. "It was so funny," said she, to an interviewer, speaking of her experiences in the Convent School at Brussels, "to have to study serious things when I was used to studying parts."

* * *

ARE WE TOO DREAMISH?

(*With apologies to the "Daily Telegraph"*)

Do you read the "Dreams and Visions"?
Most of us must spend the night
In alarming intuitions,
Dreaming hard till morning light.

There are dreams that foretell Weddings;
Funerals, Fortunes, Steamer-trips,
Ghastly sighs and ghostly treadings;
Nightly shriekings, Spooks on ships.

There are dreams that spot the winner
For the Oaks. For those who scoff
There are dreams that scare the sinner;
There are dreams that don't come off.

Dreams in which you see your mother,
Or, worse still, your wife's; "such stuff
As our (modern) dreams are made of."
Don't you think we've had enough.

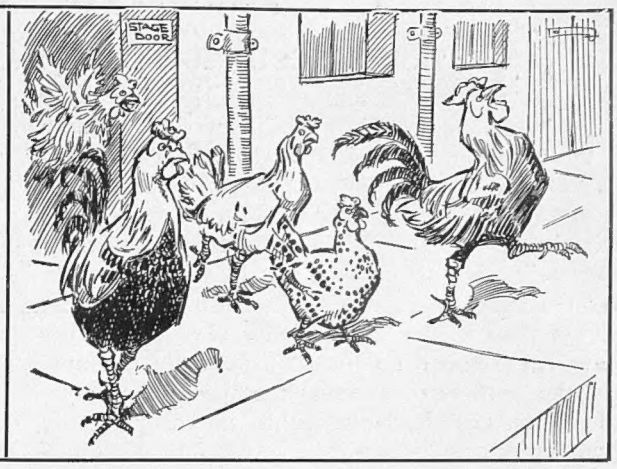
The Topictator

The Whole Hog

(*Mr. John Redmond warns the Liberal Government against dallying with devolution, and declares that Ireland will accept nothing short of Home Rule*)

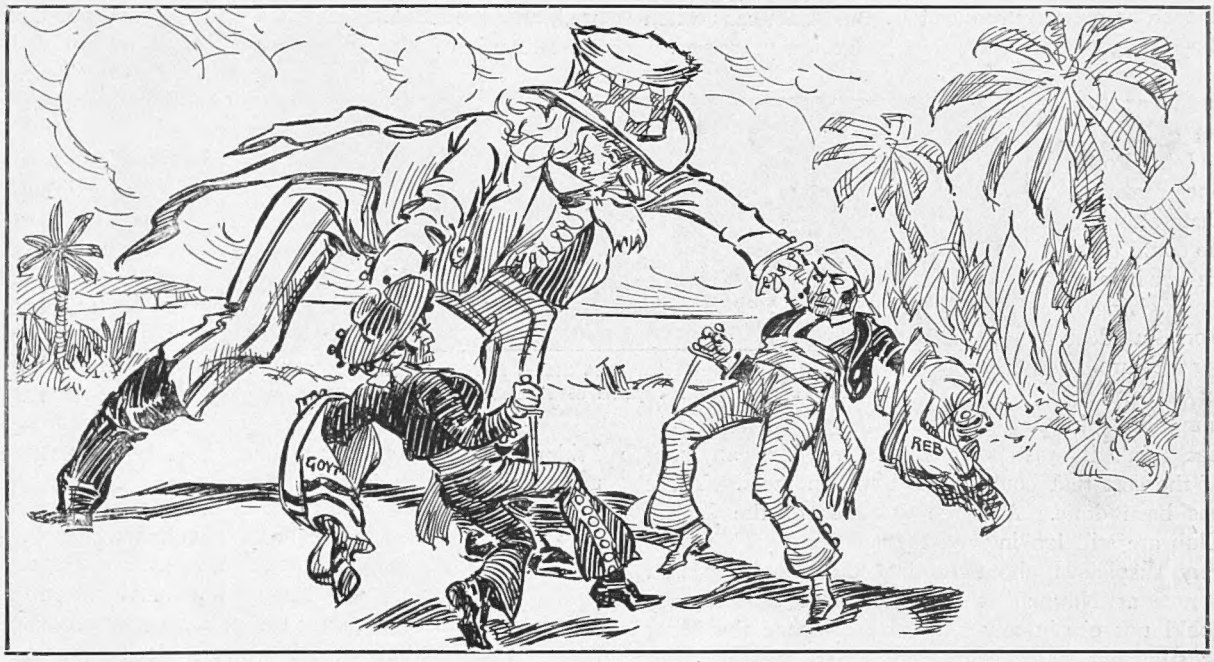
C.-B.: "Ah—the little present I promised you—to be sure. What d'you say to a nice bit off here?"

J. R.: "An' is it mesilf ye'd be afther insultin' wid yer *bits?*"



The Force of Example

We learn that the fowls have thrown up their parts in *The Bondman*, and walked out of the theatre, owing to the fact that the cows, who, they say, have no speaking parts, have been extensively advertised. Later reports state that they were dismissed for failing to cluck w.en they received their cues



Cuba

UNCLE SAM: "Sa-ay, you boys make me tired. I shall hev ter be ha'sh with *you*"

A Good Start

(*The South African Fifteen beat East Midlands by 37 points to nil*)

"All right—all right—you wait till you meet my big brother Cardiff!"

A New Terror

(*A writer in a monthly magazine advises no lady to think of marrying a man whose head measures less than twenty inches in circumference*)

"You see, Frederick, you barely touch the nineteen inches mark—I shall have to be a sister to you"

RACING NOTIONS

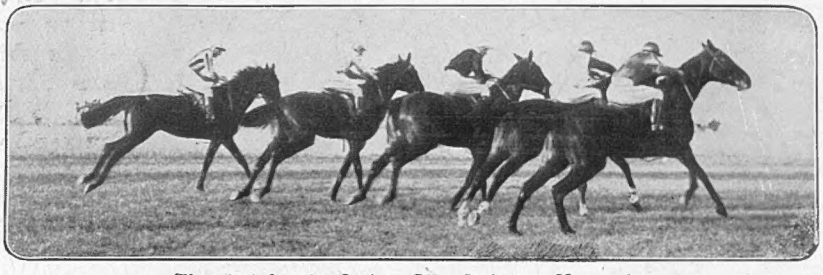
DUTCH COURAGE FOR RACEHORSES. By "CARBINE"

Stimulants for the Thoroughbred

Many a half-pint of good whisky and brandy have we seen poured down the throats of faint-hearted racehorses in the hope that the stimulants would keep up their pluck and help them to travel faster. Champagne has likewise been used for the same purpose. Comparatively little of that sort of thing is done nowadays, for the Jockey Club have brought in a rule forbidding the administering, for the purpose of affecting the speed of a horse, of drugs or stimulants, either internally or by hypodermic or other methods. And an excellent rule it is, for such artificial means of momentarily improving a horse are altogether contrary to the true spirit of sport. Yet it was not the whisky or the champagne practice which induced the Jockey Club to pass the rule. It was the use of strychnine and other dangerous drugs introduced by the Americans when they brought their horses over here a few years ago.

Is Doping Still Going On?

John Porter once remarked that although he could quite believe in anyone giving a horse a dose for the purpose of stopping him, he did not think it was possible to give him anything of the sort that could make him win races. Yet it has been done. And the Stewards of the Jockey Club are still looking out for "dopers." They were very suspicious about Lord Toddington, who won a race at Newmarket last week, and though they could not obtain any conclusive evidence that drug or stimulant had been administered, they did not consider the trainer's explanation wholly satisfactory, and cautioned him as to his future conduct. The inquiry will have been pleasing to racing people, because it shows that the Stewards are strictly on the *qui vive* for those who are not "playing the game." If doping is still going on, the Stewards mean to bring the offenders to book whenever possible.



The start for the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket
The race was won by Mr. James de Rothschild's colt Beppo

The Race for the Jockey Club Stakes

That the richest stakes are won by the richest owners is a saying familiar on the Turf, and the victory of Mr. James de Rothschild's Beppo in the Jockey Club Stakes provides no exception. The winner is a wonderfully game little horse, and though his success on Wednesday was not exactly easy, yet I thought he won quite cleverly enough to demonstrate the accuracy of the St. Leger running. We have overrated Keystone II., but she is a magnificent mare individually, and I think she will be a great winner next season, if all goes well with her. On the whole, the racing at Newmarket last week was supremely wretched for the headquarters of the Turf. But owners naturally are very loth to run the risk of crocking their best horses on ground which is as hard as iron, and nobody can be blamed for the poor sport save our old friend the clerk of the weather. And his shoulders are broad enough.

Cesarewitch Sensations

We had some Cesarewitch sensations last week. First, we were told that St. Wulfram was coughing, and very badly too. Personally, this was disconcerting, because only a few hours previously I had expressed the conviction in these pages that the horse would win the Cesarewitch. Careful inquiries speedily proved that the rumour was entirely false. St. Wulfram is perfectly well, and the bookmakers who laid longer odds on the strength of the report are now regretting it. Then the news went round that something was radically wrong with Feather Bed, and he, too, went out in the betting. But judging by the way he galloped at home on Friday, I should say that there is very little the matter with him.

Noctuiform—Before and After Windsor

How about the much-vaunted Noctuiform after his miserable display at Windsor? Those who backed him at the absurd prices quoted last week must feel pretty uncomfortable now. I hope that what I wrote a week ago was sufficient to prevent the readers of these "Notions" at least from throwing away their money on this will-o'-the-wisp, this extraordinarily false favourite. Noctuiform may yet win the Cesarewitch; as great miracles as that have been known in racing. Now that the Noctuiform bubble has burst, I presume that **St. Wulfram** will come to the front, and those who are already "on" have the best of the market.

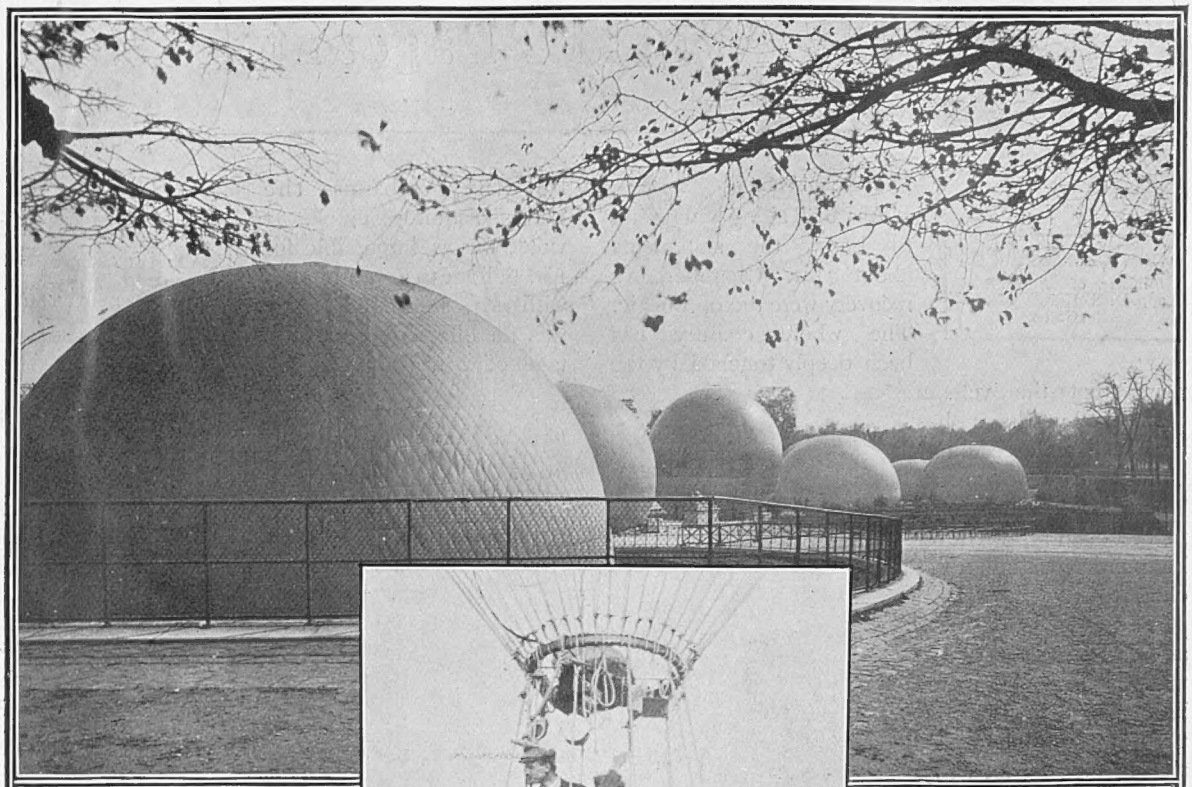
The Duke of York Stakes

Kempton Park is the best meeting of the present week, and the Duke of York Stakes the best race. On the strength of his recent form, **Polymelus** must be my selection, and I take Caravel as a second string. On Friday, **Golden Gleam** may win the Richmond Plate, **La Petite Dame** the Coventry Plate, and **Traquair** the Imperial Produce Plate, or in his absence **Galvani.**

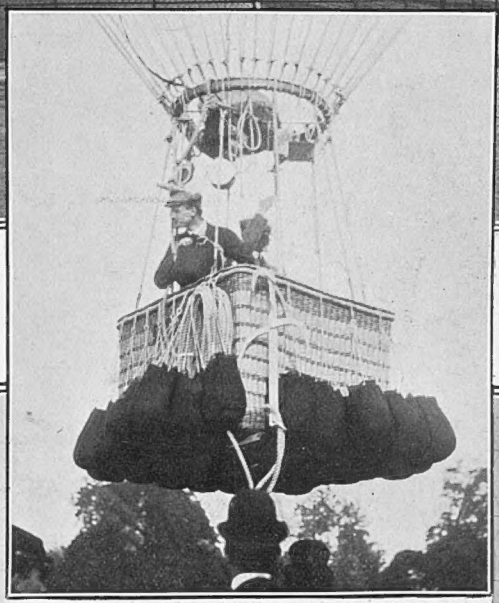
OUR SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER WILL BE PUBLISHED ON OCTOBER 17.

The Balloon Derby

SCENES AT THE START FROM PARIS ON SUNDAY



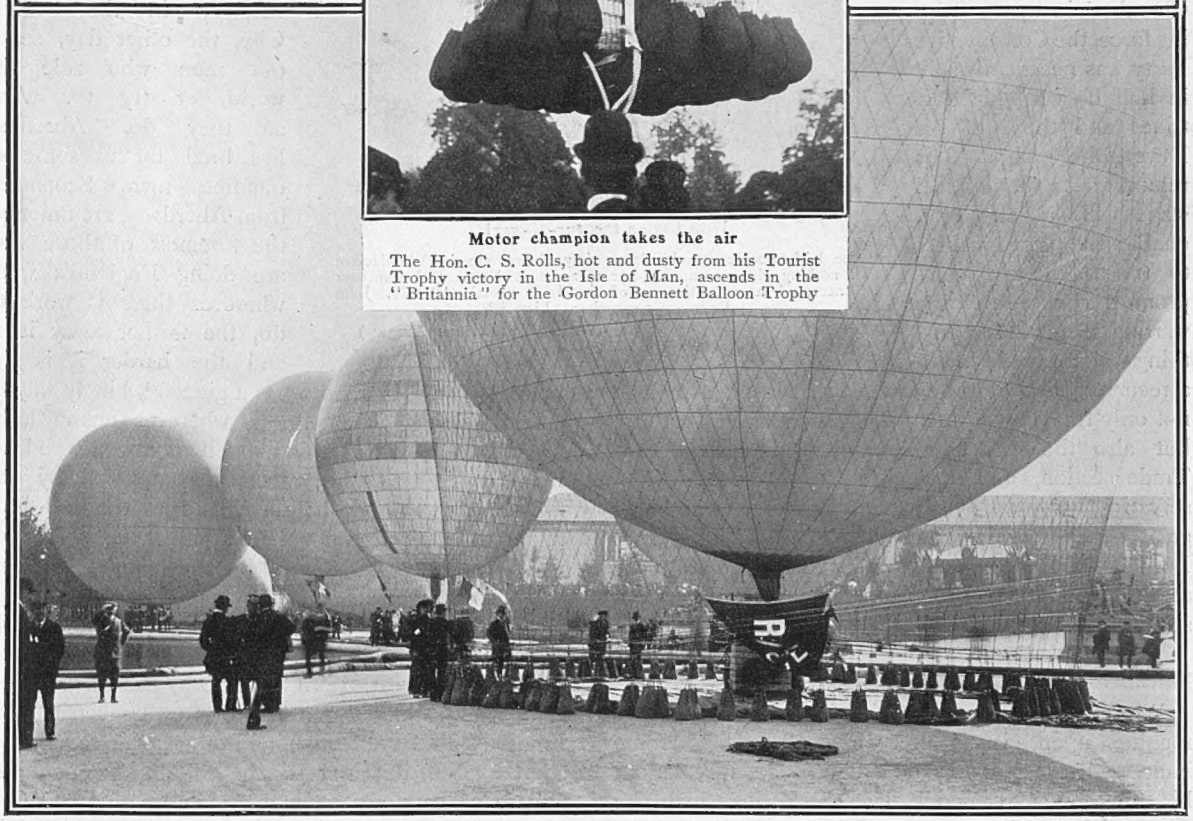
A bevy of balloons being inflated in the Tuileries Gardens



Motor champion takes the air

The Hon. C. S. Rolls, hot and dusty from his Tourist Trophy victory in the Isle of Man, ascends in the "Britannia" for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Trophy

The sight of the sixteen balloons growing bigger and bigger was watched from a safe distance by hundreds of thousands of Parisians



Photos *Topical Agency*

Just Before the Start: Balloons Assembled in the Place de la Concorde

On Sunday last began the great Aero Derby. Sixteen balloons, of every feasible shape and size, representing seven nations, ascended, one after the other, before a throng of half a million people. At the time of going to press, several of the cars have been seen above the British Isles—at Hastings, Gravesend, and in Oxfordshire respectively. Mr. Frank Butler and M. Santos Dumont descended in Northern France, the latter with an injured arm

The World's Pageant

Photos

Earl Carrington, K.G.
Minister of Agriculture, appointed Knight of the Garter

Elliott and Fry

The Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed Knight of the Thistle

Mr. Chamberlain

As we all along had reason to know, the statements about Mr. Chamberlain's recovery were too optimistic. The whole country has been deeply touched by the news that the veteran Statesman's illness has had such an exceedingly painful development. There is scarcely a man in the country, whatever his politics, who does not cling to the hope that Mr. Chamberlain will, after all, once again triumph over his merciless malady. At the same time, it must be realised that his vitality for carrying on the desperate Tariff Reform campaign is gone, and that fact is of considerable political moment. While Mr. Chamberlain was a fighting force, the Conservative Party was necessarily split in half between his doctrines and those of the Devonshire group. His removal from the political stage will, at any rate, enable the peace-makers to try to effect a compromise between the warring elements. Anything which would tend to a reconstruction of the Party, so that it might include not only the younger men of Chamberlainite leanings, but also the very forcible and distinguished Free Trade section, and once again to make the Conservative Party an effective fighting force, will be of great service to the country. The statement that Lord Lansdowne is to take Mr. Chamberlain's place at the Nottingham meeting is good news to Conservatives, as he has the confidence of all sections.

* * *

Relentless Mr. Redmond

Whatever issue, however, the Conservatives finally reunite upon, it is not likely to be Home Rule. Mr. Redmond's defiant attitude, revealed in his speech at Limerick last week, in which he demanded a full measure of Home Rule and no "devolution" dilly-dallying, may embarrass the Government, just as Mr. Keir Hardie's brave words did, but they embarrass the Unionists quite as much. It would be as impossible for Mr. Balfour to group himself with Mr. Redmond as it was for him to take advantage of Mr. Keir Hardie's defections. Mr. Balfour himself being pledged to the hilt to the policy of "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas," he cannot oppose the Government for carrying out his own policy.

Now begins the tug-of-war!

"The Irish people stand where they always stood. We declare that nothing short of a complete measure of Home Rule can ever be accepted as a settlement of the Irish question!"—Mr. John Redmond's speech at Limerick

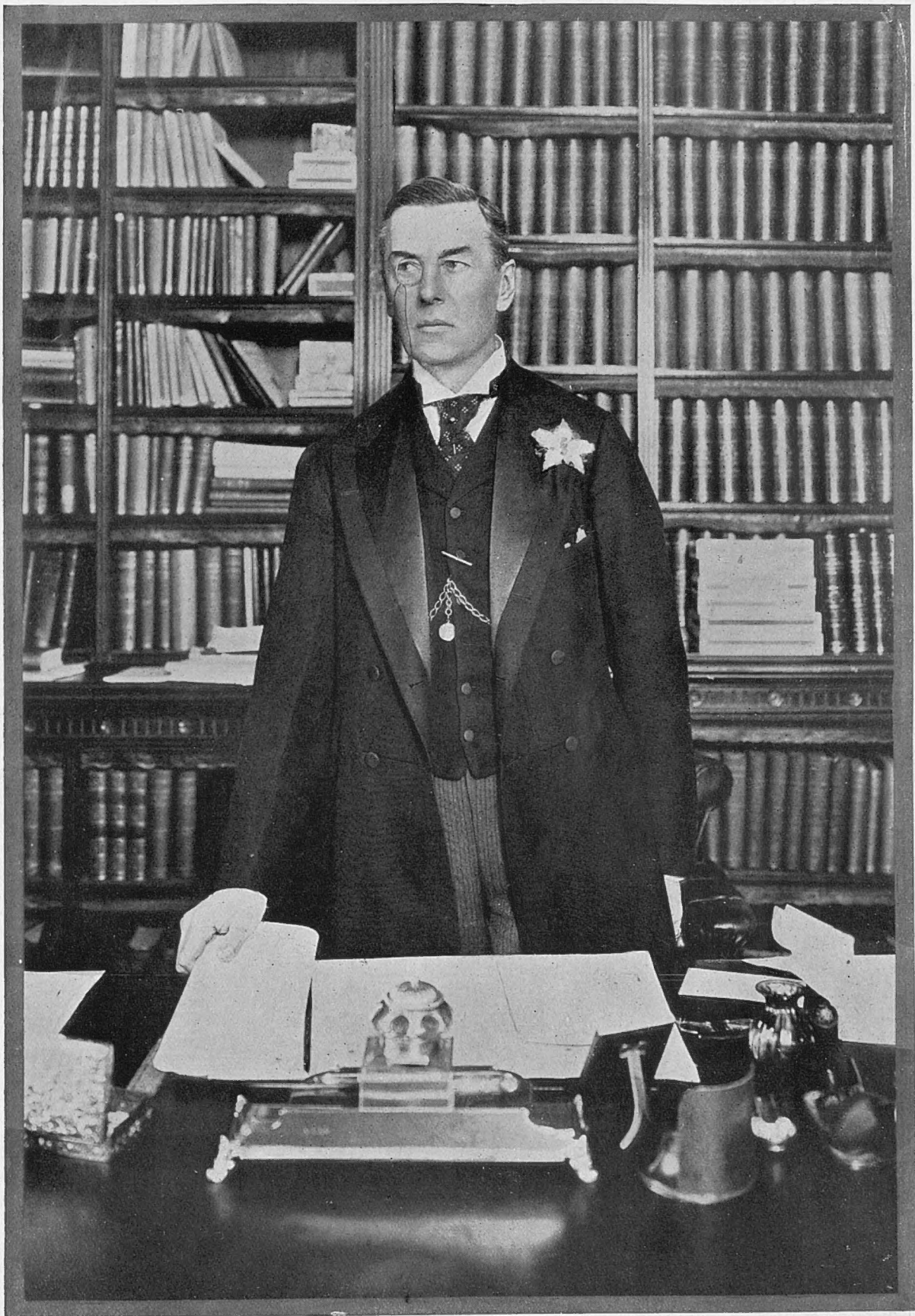
(*Drawn by Thomas Downey*)

* * *

The "Hyperborean Athens"

"Thay haif said. Quhat say thay? Let yame say?" So runs the legend which is inscribed over the inner door of Marischal College, Aberdeen. And never was there a more typical inscription. Aberdeen, boasted an Aberdonian to me, up in the Granite City, the other day, sends out men who rule the world, or try to. And so they do. Aberdeen has bred for us some of our finest men. Scotsmen, from Aberdeen, are amongst the foremost of those who are doing England's work wherever there is work to do, the farther away it is and the harder it is the better! The King, who has a graceful, kingly way of acknowledging indebtedness wherever acknowledgment is due, knows this as well as anyone, and his visit to Aberdeen last week, accompanied by the Queen, showed that he recognises to the full how much Aberdeen does for the Empire at large. Perfect weather, vast crowds of loyal Scotsmen shouting themselves loyally hoarse, and a lavishly decorated city, all combined to make last Thursday a most memorable day in the North. After being received by the Lord Provost, Lord Aberdeen, the magistrates, Lord Strathcona (Chancellor of the University), Sir Frederick Treves (Rector), and others, the King, in a short speech, declared the new buildings open. A fanfare of trumpets and the singing of the "Old Hundredth" completed the ceremony, after which His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Lord Provost.

Mr. Chamberlain's Illness



Copyright *The Bystander*

The Ex-Colonial Secretary in his library at Highbury

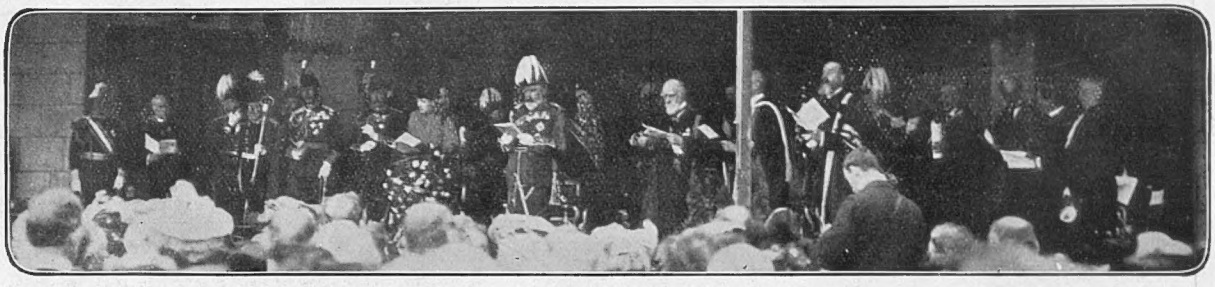
To whom THE BYSTANDER, with the rest of the British Empire, tenders its sympathy in his severe affliction, and hopes for his speedy recovery and subsequent return to that Parliamentary stage which he has adorned for thirty years, and which would be a poor thing without him

The Royal Visit to Aberdeen

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Queen awaits the King

Photo THE KING [*having declared the new University buildings opened*] AWAITS [*in the gaily decorated and troop-lined Quadrangle*] *Illustrations Bureau* THE QUEEN



Photo] **His Majesty reading the proclamation declaring the Marischal College open** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

Photo] **Their Majesties the King and Queen driving through Aberdeen** [*Illustrations Bureau*

For the first time in 256 years (so it is said) a British Sovereign visited the Granite City in State last week. The object was to declare open the new buildings of the Marischal College, and hundreds of thousands of spectators lined the streets and gave their Majesties a Scottish welcome. The King knighted the Lord Provost (Sir Alexander Lyon), and Lord Strathcona celebrated the occasion by a banquet laid for 2,425 guests

The Funeral of Admiral Chichester

The Late Admiral Chichester

The Navy has sustained a severe loss in the death of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester at Gibraltar. He came from an old Devonshire family, which has furnished the country with many sailors, one of the most distinguished being a friend and fellow-voyager of Drake. There is another Admiral in the family, whose name, however, will not be found in any Navy list. This is the little Marquis of Donegall, who is the Hereditary Admiral of Lough Neagh, and is descended from a younger branch of the family. Many are the stories told of the late Admiral's bluff and breezy manners, especially during the Boer War, when he was superintending the transport and landing of the troops in South Africa. During this period, he occupied the clock-tower at the docks at Cape Town, and, to warn off inquisitive and unwelcome visitors, the following notice was put up in large letters over the door: "This is the office of the Chief Transport Officer, and *not* a general inquiry office." His remains were brought from Gibraltar and buried with full Naval honours at Shirwell, Devon, last week. The coffin was borne on a Naval gun-carriage, and was escorted by a detachment of the North Devon Hussars, while companies of the 4th V.B. Devonshire Regiment were in attendance. Among the pall-bearers were Earl Fortescue and General Sir Redvers Buller.

The escort of the Royal North Devon Hussars

The funeral cortège had to traverse a long route through the beautiful Devonshire lanes to the late Admiral's estate

* * *

The Lucknow Jubilee Dinner

On September 26, 1857, exactly fifty years ago, General Havelock marched into Lucknow, relieved the Residency, and so brought to a close a mutiny which had lasted over four months, and witnessed some of the most awful scenes and some of the greatest heroism in the history of the British Empire. The occasion, so short is the public memory, would probably have

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The landing of Admiral Sir Edward Chichester's coffin at Barnstaple

The late Admiral's remains were brought from Gibraltar, and were interred in the family vault at Shirwell, near his estate at Youlston Park, Devon. The coffin, which was borne on a Naval gun-carriage, was covered with a Union Jack, and on the top lay the deceased Admiral's sword and cocked hat

Fifty Years Since the Mutiny

passed by without much comment had not India been just now very much in the public eye, but, as it is, the dinner last Tuesday week, in commemoration of the Relief, became an almost national affair.

It is remarkable that, for nearly two centuries, every fiftieth year of our administration in India has been marked by great and far-reaching events. Fifty years before Lucknow, in 1807, the Sikh Mutiny was in progress. Fifty years earlier, in 1757, a year after the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta, the Battle of Plassey was fought by Clive, and Calcutta, which had been taken by Surajah Dowler, was restored to England.

The Bengali seized upon the partition of Bengal to foam out his hatred of Lord Curzon, and he is now, through the Press, declaring to the people that it is to the power and influence of the Bengali that the retirement, not only of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, but also of Lord Curzon, is due! To the vulgar mind, certainly, this is rather what it looks like; and the native, like a good many other people, is very prone to believe what he wishes to believe. That experience, however hard and bitter, teaches nothing, has been proved, unfortunately, only too often. Did not a great General tell us only the other day that should another war like that in South Africa break out next month we should

Photo *Fradelle and Young*

The Lucknow Anniversary Dinner, held last Tuesday week at the Hotel Metropôle

General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., was in the chair, and the relieving force was also represented by Major-General Chamier, C.S.I., Major-General J. Bigge, C.B., Major-General G. Stewart, C.B., Major Robertson, Captain Pearson, and Mr. J. Berrill

How Mutinies Arise

One is reminded, remembering recent events, from what small things the Mutiny which terminated at Lucknow arose. A few greased cartridges, brought from England, on the introduction of the improved Enfield musket, disaffected the whole vast Bengal army, and the almost instant cessation of their use did not serve to put out the flame of revolt. In India to-day the Oriental mind is secretly inflamed by the Japanese successes, and that wholesome sense of inferiority which the power of the white man formerly infused into the native is sensibly lessened. The change of Government at home and the (in India) only too well-reported and widely read speeches of some of the rather irresponsible extremists in Parliament have given great encouragement to the leaders of the "new" movement in India.

be just as unprepared, just as badly equipped, as we were five years ago? But, remembering Lucknow, and Delhi, and Cawnpore, and, farther back still, Calcutta, surely the Government should be implored to try no experiments with India, and to act cautiously and sagaciously while there is yet time.

* * *

The New Liberal Bishop

That one of the most staunchly Liberal communities in the country—that of the Diocese of Truro—should at last have been given a Liberal bishop, in the person of Dr. Stubbs, seems almost too kind, and certainly much too logical, to be true. It proves, however, that the present Government do not intend to allow the holding of Liberal opinions to be a bar to promotion in a Church professedly non-political. The appointment

The New Bishop of Truro

of the Radical Dean of Ely, Dr. Stubbs, to the Bishopric of Truro is, even apart from its political aspects, an exceedingly happy one. I know of no one more eminently suited to this particular position. Dr. Stubbs is possessed in an exceptional degree—for a bishop—of a delightful spirit of *camaraderie* and good fellowship which will undoubtedly appeal to the Radical Cornishmen whose spiritual welfare has been placed in his hands. Of Yorkshire yeomen stock himself the new Bishop has never ceased to study intelligently the manifold problems of labour and agriculture, as his two books, "Village Politics" and "The Land and the Labourer," prove. As Vicar of Granborough, he cut up his own glebe land into acre allotments, and was one of the first men to advocate Parish Councils.

* * *

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The new Bishop of Truro

Dean Stubbs, who has just been elected to the vacant Bishopric of Truro, is a man with prominent literary gifts and decided Radical and Socialistic tendencies

In the Queen's Gift

Bishop Stubbs of Truro, by the way, comes of the same family as did the late Bishop Stubbs of Oxford, to whom, as Domestic Chaplain, Canon Holmes, the new member of the Chapel of St. Katherine's, Regent's Park, was attached. For the last few years, Canon Holmes has been vicar of Sonning-on-the-Thames, and his new appointment is interesting in that it is the only ecclesiastical preferment permanently vested (since 1148) in the gift of the Queens of England. Of course, the Canon will resign the living of Sonning, a living which is worth four hundred a year, and has a church, a parsonage, a village, and a river so utterly charming that a former incumbent, Mr. Hugh Pearson, Canon of Windsor, held the living for forty years, and refused the Deanery of Westminster, offered him by Mr. Gladstone. Until he was presented with the Sonning living, Canon Holmes's life had been spent entirely in association with bishops and in the administration of the Church. Only two years after his ordination he was appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Cape Town, and he edited with notable success the ordination addresses and visitation charges of the late Bishop Stubbs. The Chapter of the Royal Chapel of St. Katherine was originally founded by Queen Matilda. It then fell into abeyance, and was refounded by Queen Eleanor some hundred years later.

Photo *Frith*

The new Cathedral at Truro

This ancient Cornish Bishopric was revived in 1876, and the foundation stone of the Cathedral was laid by His Majesty (then Prince of Wales) in 1880. It is a granite Early-English structure, and incorporates part of the old fifteenth-century Church of St. Mary's

An Ideal "Record"

Copyright G. and T., Ltd.

Photo N. S. Clarke

Miss Amy Castles

The very gifted concert-singer, whose successes in London, and in Australia, have been so conspicuous, has the additional honour of being an ideal maker of gramophone records, her voice being one of exquisite purity and wide compass. Her first appearance at St. James's Hall, at the age of eighteen, was a remarkable triumph

ROUND THE TOWN

Are We Too Stage-Struck?

A reader of this paper writes to complain of the manner in which he considers actors and actresses are occupying an undue share of attention in our columns. "I gave up another weekly paper," he wails, "because it became merely an illustrated record of the doings—or, rather, I should say the poses—of obscure actresses." I am sorry if readers of THE BYSTANDER should think it deals with theatrical matters to the detriment of other features. From the first number it has been the aim of THE BYSTANDER to keep a well-balanced and receptive mind for events of the day. If it has betrayed any bent, it has not been towards the theatre, but towards Amateur Sport — polo, lawn tennis, motoring, hunting, yachting, etc. Our correspondent is evidently satisfied with a very brief record each week of theatrical matters. He has, perhaps, been led to cry out "*toujours théâtre*" by the wholesale manner in which the Press in these days ladles out stage gossip. To one weary of reading tittle-tattle of the stage, the few theatrical portraits which must be included, if THE BYSTANDER is to remain a pictorial record of the times, set up an altogether unreasonable irritation.

* * *

A Flattered Profession

We hasten to assure our correspondent that we take quite a sane and level view of the theatre generally. As regards the player that "struts and frets his hour upon the stage," we think the publicity given to his most trivial actions is much to be regretted. A generation ago there was an absurd prejudice against the stage, but nowadays the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The actor is belauded to the skies, and his art is forced down the throats of the public. Literature, painting, sculpture, music—paragraphs will do for these; but for actors and acting—columns. I am sometimes tempted to wonder if the general public realises in how many cases the actor takes the credit which rightly belongs to the dramatist, the stage manager, and the producer. From the brains of the dramatist there springs a fine love scene. The public is thrilled to the marrow, and goes home saying that X is one of the finest romantic actors of the day. The producer invents a clever and taking bit of "business." The actor interprets his idea, collars the applause, and the unthinking public go home, saying Y, by sheer genius, has lifted a very ordinary rôle to the level of a work of art. It would be a shock to the public if they could witness at a rehearsal the drilling to which "that fine emotional actress, Miss Z," must be subjected before she can draw tears from her audience. Her first attempts at interpretation would be more likely to draw smiles. Yes, sheer flattery has turned the head of *the* Profession, until it imagines—seriously—that it has a mission to educate the public. There was once a compositor who declared that he was educating the masses because he set up the type of a Latin grammar.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Phyllis Dare

Who has now returned from Brussels, where she has lately been studying, to take Miss Edna May's part in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville

Lines to Phyllis

Dainty little scholar—ha!
Phyllis from Phyllistia!
Back from *cache* and cakes at convent to the ægis of Mamma,
Oh, la, la!

Phyllis piquant, prim, and pert,
In this Quaker stiffness girt,
Don't you ever long to *frou-frou* in your dainty dancing skirt,
Or to flirt?

At a breast the roses may
Flaunt in lovely disarray,
But the rose that wears the roses is a fairer flow'r than they,
So they say;

And these dictionaries wise
Phyllis flippantly defies
With a look of "Am I nicest now to tease or teach?" that lies
In her eyes.

Ah, whene'er you leave *Ma Mère*,
May your pathway be as fair
As the daffodils that linger in the sunlight of your hair,
Phyllis Dare.

B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

* * *

A Burning Burlesque

George Ade tells the pathetic story of an author who, in a spirit of mockery, wrote "Little Willie's Good-night." The public took to this ballad, and the unfortunate author could never live it down. Years after, he did sterling good work, but it was always compared with "Little Willie's Good-night"—unfavourably. In the same way Mr. Gustave Kerker, if he has it in his mind to write a music-drama, may as well abandon the project, as he will be known and recognised for all time as the

Mr. Seymour Hicks as Litigant

composer of *The Belle of New York*. Mr. Kerker is still some way off the music-drama period. He has just perpetrated a clever skit (from the musical standpoint) on Grand Opera, at the Empire. It is announced as "BURNING TO SING." Then, in smaller type, "OR, SINGING TO BURN." Then, in still smaller type, "Book by R. H. Burnside." So the new skit ought to be "hot stuff," as Americans say. But the librettist has let the fires down. The idea of people singing in the discursive and irrelevant Grand-Opera style while the hotel is burning is distinctly funny. Miss Anna Hickisch and Mr. Ottley Cranston as the singers in the burning hotel, worked very hard to make the skit a success, and they received great assistance from Mr. Henry Frankiss as the Page-boy, and Mr. T. Tremayne as the Hotel Proprietor. But, whatever the fate of the hotel, the piece itself somehow missed fire. It should have been uproariously funny. It is the sort of "turn" which causes people to whisper reassuringly to each other, "This is really very funny." The staging made a great hit. It was fascinating to watch the strips of wall-paper peel off under the influence of the heat.

* * *

The Alhambra

A Russian troupe of singers and dancers is a new turn at the Alhambra. They are the Aquamarinoffs. Mr. Frank Richardson did not compose this word. It is the real name of real Russians. Most of the dancing is done by a boy and a man. You know the Russian style of dancing. These serious people sink down on their haunches and shoot out their legs like the flick of a viper's tongue. The Aquamarinoffs are well worth a visit.

* * *

The Promise of the Motor-'Bus

There must be something inherent in the nature of an omnibus that causes it to lumber. When the pioneers of the motor-'bus came along, they said, "Behold! we will sweep these lumbering old horse-'buses off the roads, and carry you about instead in smoothly gliding cars." And we smiled and said, "How nice!" And some of us even bought shares. But now that the motor-'bus has come, it lumbers just as badly as, if not worse than, its predecessor. It can't glide smoothly, even on the newest of newly made-up roads—*because* it's an omnibus. Moreover, it doesn't lumber sedately, like a dear old white Putney or a red 'Ammersmith; it lumbers at a fast pace, suggestive of a runaway carthorse. And runaway carthorses—in droves—are a trifle out of place in the London streets.

* * *

Its Omni-present Odour

Besides which, it smells. The old horse-'buses smell too, sometimes — when you get inside—but that is not their fault; and you can always escape it by getting out again. But there is no getting away from the smell of the motor-'bus. It permeates the whole atmosphere of the town. And then, who was it who first discovered that the roar of the London streets has a sort of fascination for the Londoner born and bred? I wonder what he would think about it now? The tramcar, despite the hiss of the trolley, or the groans of the road-wheels as they traverse a sharp curve, is a stealthy mover as compared with the blundering, bullying, belching motor-'bus.

* * *

Its Staying Powers

And yet there is, of course, no doubt whatever that the motor-'bus has come to stay. It has contributed very largely to the solution of the difficulty — over which we have all gone mad— of rapid transit, and, as a mere means of locomotion, its utility is undeniable. That is the reason why we have submitted so tamely to its offensiveness. But, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that the population of London is not made up entirely of people who want to travel cheaply and fast. There are some of us who wish to live quietly, and, perhaps, a trifle luxuriously, and move about, more or less freely, at a pace of our own choosing. And those who make this reasonable demand belong to a class which London, in her own interests, can by no means afford to ignore.

* * *

The Need for Its Restriction

It will, therefore, become necessary very soon to consider whether some restriction ought not to be placed both on the number of 'buses which are allowed to run, and upon the routes which they are allowed to take. They must not be allowed to increase and multiply until the streets are positively choked with them, nor must they be allowed to invade, in the pursuit of a short cut or a clearer course, the purely residential portions of the town. Let the sphere of their activity be confined to the main thoroughfares. Those who live on the main thoroughfares may be presumed to have a purpose in so doing, sufficiently strong to override any incidental disadvantages arising, or likely to arise, therefrom. But those who live off the main thoroughfares have a purpose, too, and one which they have a right to see fulfilled.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Seymour Hicks in Liverpool

The celebrated actor talking to Mr. Dones, the father of Miss Phyllis Dare, with whom Mr. Hicks's name has been associated in a manner alleged to be libellous

The Bane of the Motor-'Bus

HOW IT IS HUSTLING THE HORSE-'BUS FROM THE STREETS

Photo copyright of *The Bystander*

A pathetic scene in Piccadilly

There is a touch of pathos about the above photograph, which is typical of the way the motor-'bus is driving the horse-vehicle from the streets. Piccadilly Circus, which once resounded to the musical clatter of horses' hoofs, is now a whizzing, burring, odorous pandemonium of motor-propelled omnibuses. See how modestly the poor little horse-'bus figures with its motor rivals fore and aft of it. And yet, withal, it seems to suffer no whit in the direction of popular patronage. Many people prefer the horse-'bus as an altogether more select and aristocratic affair

New Homes for Crime and Church

A Protest and a Proposal

As the new Old Bailey is now to be formally opened, I should like to take an opportunity of protesting, in the name of the criminal world, against that gilt figure of Justice which crests its dome. I can conceive nothing in worse taste than this figure. It is a most aggressive young person in glittering gilt, strenuously brandishing a sword, that meets the eye of the wretched victim as he arrives to take his trial. Justice seems to be saying to him that he may expect little or no mercy once he gets inside this new building. Were I a member of the criminal classes I should infinitely prefer the grey gloom of the old Old Bailey. At any rate, I should feel I was entering a place begrimed with the dust of centuries of British justice, and honoured by the presence of far greater criminals than myself. As it is, however, one feels one is being vulgarly hustled, rather than escorted in dignity, to one's doom. By the way, a new name is being eagerly sought for the "new Old Bailey"—which is absurd. Why not modify the name of New York's similar building, the "Tombs," and christen our establishment the "Dooms"?

What shall we call it?

The "new Old Bailey," shortly to be opened to the criminal and legal public, the naming of which is causing London to addle its brains. Why not the "Dooms"? (with apologies to the sister penal establishment in New York known as the "Tombs") suggests our paragraphist below

* * *

Court Theatre

I am very thankful for the Court Theatre. It affords a shelter into which new dramatists, bursting with strange new notions of dramatic art, may creep. It is now a home for the realism of other authors besides Mr. Shaw. When audiences, for instance, flock to see a play of the type of Mr. John Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*, then will be the millennium. This play is as faithful to real life as a novel by George Gissing. I defy anyone to pick out a situation which has not occurred in real life, or even a line of dialogue which has not been spoken by real people. It is life served upon the stage without theatrical trimmings. It is not a cheerful play, but if you neglect to see it you will probably miss seeing a play which will continually be quoted when the new school of dramatists has been established. It is said that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was epoch-making in the correct sense of that much-abused double-barrelled adjective. If prophecy upon stage matters were not such an idle form of amusement, I would indulge in wild imaginings concerning the effect *The Silver Box* is likely to have upon the theatre of the future.

Photo *Photo Press*

Our flourishing Church

The sumptuous new building of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in Millbank Street, Westminster. The Commission is now moving in

* * *

The Plot Outlined

Here is the story. A young man, son of an M.P., comes home drunk. In frolic he has carried off the reticule containing, unbeknown to him, the purse of "an unknown lady" (of the streets). He is helped in the difficult task of finding the keyhole by the "unemployed" husband of the charwoman employed in his home. Young man gives Unemployed a drink, and subsides upon the sofa. Unemployed, out of spite, takes away purse and a silver cigarette box. "Unknown lady" calls next day, and young man's parents, to their shame, discover his delinquencies. Cigarette box missed, and charwoman, of course, accused. Silver box found at her home. Police Court case. Unemployed given one month's hard labour. Purse episode not pursued. So young man's parents are saved public shame. The flagrant injustice of the partial justice meted out at Police Courts the most realistic touch of all. Do you remember the farcical Police Court scene in *Down Our Alley?* If you wish to see a real Police Court, go to the Court.

BYSTANDER.

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

Bohemia in Mourning

Emile Goudeau is dead. Bohemian Paris mourns him. Columbus discovered America; but what is that compared to Goudeau, who discovered Montmartre? He was the greatest poet-singer France has produced, and many of his literary productions are likely to be read by generations to come. Chance, in a freakish humour, ordained that this untamed spirit should start life as a clerk in one of the Government offices. But he did not remain there long. The Latin Quarter soon swallowed him, and there he founded an association, the members of which — Bohemian like himself—became celebrated in the course of time. Among them we find Paul Mounet, André Gill, Paul Arène, Rollinat, Allais, and others equally famous. At that period he produced his volume, *La Vache Enragée*—the verbal translation, "the mad cow." The term is to be taken in a figurative sense, for in students' slang the "mad cow" is symbolic of "dead-broke." He (Goudeau) knew that animal well, and had fed on every part of its body.

* * *

A Second Exodus

All at once he grew tired of the "Quarter." Goths and vandals —men and women, in caps, carrying Baedekers in their hands— had invaded the place and made it uninhabitable. And counter-jumpers, a *tutti quanti*, dressed in eccentric fashion, posed as students for the benefit of gaping crowds of tourists. The Latin Quarter was fast becoming a fraud. And Goudeau issued forth to find a place where he and his companions might pitch their tents. He wandered far and wandered long, until at last he reached an elevation whence he could see the Paris streets at his feet. The natives seemed gentle and peaceful. It was Montmartre. But when that same evening he called upon his companions to follow him to the newly discovered land, his words raised a storm. They refused to leave the fleshpots of the Latin Quarter, and would not risk the dangers that awaited them in these unexplored districts.

* * *

Le Chat Noir

At last, after much trouble, they listened to their chief, and the exodus began, the "mad cow" walking slowly in the wake. And their number was soon increased by others who fled before the invasion of the Goths, and sought safety in Montmartre. One night Goudeau brought with him a tall youth with a fair beard. The tall youth's name was Rodolphe Salis, and he informed the company that he intended to open an artistic *cabaret* in the Boulevard Rochechouart. "Its name," he added, "will be Le Chat Noir, and I invite you all to the inauguration ceremony." They all went, and many of them were engaged as poet-singers at the Chat Noir, which, as everybody knows, became famous. Those who have frequented this *cabaret* — Parisians as well as strangers — will all remember Goudeau and the immense success his recitations and improvisations had with the literary public. Poor Goudeau! The "mad cow" stuck faithfully to him till the end of her days; she even followed him to the grave. Goudeau made Montmartre, which owes its artistic reputation to him, but he killed the Latin Quarter. It is deserted by the Bohemians, and, to use Goudeau's words, "It has become a fraud."

"The Black Pope"

The election of Father Francis Xavier Wernz, of Wurtemberg, as General of the Society of Jesus, is regarded in some quarters as a hostile demonstration against France

* * *

"Maison des Etudiants"

The Paris students are to have their own house—a house where they will give entertainments and receive their friends. For the modest sum of £120 per annum, the city of Paris has let them an enormous building in the Rue de la Bûcherie on the condition that they make the necessary repairs, and has granted them a ninety-nine years' lease. These repairs will cost something like £20,000, and the good Parisians, inclined to look upon their students as always being out-of-elbow, were dumbfounded to hear that they could dispose of that amount, and had plenty more to spare. This ancient building was, as far back as 1367, the great medical school, in the quarter where beggars and vagabonds congregated, and had a monarch of their own—*le roi des truands*. The school was gradually enlarged, until in 1568 a botanical garden and a special building with dissecting rooms were added to it.

* * *

A New Lease of Life

During the Revolution, professors and students deserted the place; and it was at once taken possession

of by a horde of vagabonds, the direct descendants of the outlaws who, four centuries before, infested the quarter. They came swarming in, and the huge rooms were inhabited by desperate characters and their families, whom the police dared not oust. In time, however, the authorities succeeded in expelling them, and the old medical school has ever since remained empty, slowly decaying. The new students' house will in reality be a kind of club, luxuriously fitted with all modern improvements, including even an automobile garage, to suit the spirit of the age. Prominent painters and draughtsmen, like Willette, Barrère, etc., have volunteered to decorate the walls and the ceilings, some of these designs recording incidents in the student's life in the past centuries. Under these conditions it is probable that the "Maison des Etudiants" will become one of the sights of the capital.

* * *

The Autumn Salon

The Autumn *Salon* promises to be more than usually interesting this year, the third of its existence. We are promised retrospective exhibitions of Carrière, with the "Théâtre de Belleville," lent by M. Gallimard, and a remarkable portrait of the regretted artist himself; of the revolutionary painter Courbet, who is supposed to have ordered the destruction of the Colonne Vendôme during the Commune; and of Gauguin, the impenetrable, that will attract students and connoisseurs, the *bourgeoisie* also, but for different motives. With them the Autumn *Salon* is a standing joke, a joke renewed each year, that they look forward to as children do to the Christmas pantomime.

Millionaires and Motors

We are asked to believe a sinister story of how, one afternoon in full daylight, a young work-girl was taken up in the crowded Place de l'Etoile, thrust into a motor-car, gagged, and carried off by her ravishers to a little villa on the outskirts of the city, where she met with treatment which she described in detail to the Commissary of Police of the Champs Elysées district. That functionary — an anti-automobolist — believes in the girl's story, and so do others. But another section of the public shake their heads incredulously. Millionaires owning cars worth from £1,500 to £2,000 are not likely to risk transportation for the pleasure of spending forty-eight hours with a work-girl. They can purchase pleasures fraught with less danger. It all sounds too romantic to be true, and the much-maligned motor-car is falsely accused of having been an accomplice in this mysterious affair. Millionaires, in fact, are hiding from the public, and not coming forward like they used to do. At one time, every rich American who left the States heralded his departure, that European hotel-keepers and purveyors generally should prepare their wares for his inspection. To-day they do their best to pass unnoticed. They have had too much attention. They can neither eat, drink, nor sleep like the ordinary mortal, and are growing tired of the tax on their purse. They come to Europe too frequently, and, like crowned heads, sometimes travel incognito. At least, so we must imagine when we read that Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor took their berths on the *Cedric* as Mr. and Mrs. T. Coolie Adams.

FRANCES KEYZER.

Photo *J. Coster*

Where England is Growing Smaller: A fall of the cliff near Bexhill

The sea is continually eating into our coasts, especially on the South and East. Several thousand tons of cliff fell into the sea near Bexhill last week, and on the coast of Suffolk, near Lowestoft, houses near the edge of the cliff are rapidly becoming unsafe. It will be remembered that the Goodwin Sands once formed part of the mainland of Kent

CHAPTER VI.—LAST DAYS ON THE ISLAND

[*Being the sixth chapter of the true story of the experiences which befel a little party of worldlings—a fisherman ("Skipper"), his wife ("Cook"), his sister-in-law ("Kitchen-maid"), and the writer ("Scribe")—among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. They lead the Simple Life, and enjoy excellent fishing, their prey in many cases putting up the most determined fights. Above, the kitchen-maid is seen restoring animation by means of artificial respiration to a negro who was washed ashore from one of the "spongers."*]

I opened the last chapter with an account of one of the excitements—bathing in a shark-infested sea—which helped to diversify our Robinson Crusoe existence. The excitement I am about to relate was, fortunately, a solitary occurrence. One day the skipper and I were dressing after bathing when we heard agonised shrieks of "fire" from the cook and kitchen-maid. We rushed out of our tent to find flames already bursting from the top of the cook's tent. Man Friday turned out at the alarm, and, as the result of our united efforts, the pegs finally gave way at Man Friday's end. Blinded by smoke, he rushed off with the flaring canvas in a circle, sweeping me up in the folds. I capered round like a spider on a hot shovel, and finally danced myself free, but not before I had been well singed.

A match thrown down by the cook on her grass tent had started the conflagration The fire quickly spread to the piles of dry branches which a recent hurricane had blown off the cocoa-nut trees. It was touch-and-go that our little village among the palm groves would be entirely demolished. Fortunately, we beat out the fire before it got good hold. The cook was the worst sufferer. She lost everything except what was in her trunk and a very much battered hat.

Migate, "the Queen of Crab Hunters"

Thrusting her arm up to the shoulder down a hole, she would, after a little manipulation, drag out a great land crab

It was quite an event when a visitor landed on our island. The "spongers," who came to clean their sponges, were not at all welcome, but we entertained quite an affection for little Migate, a negress who bore the proud title, "Queen of the Crab Hunters." The land crabs I have already described. They are large, repulsive-looking, round-bodied creatures, with one especially huge claw. They fatten on berries in the autumn, and in winter are much valued as food. We tried them once. Ugh! When Migate and her party landed from their boat, they would set to work in the most business-like fashion. The "Queen" would go on the prowl, and, as soon as she had found a likely looking hole, would dive her hand and arm up to the shoulder in foul slush. Then, after a little subterranean manœuvring, she would haul out by the side legs one of these unappetising-looking creatures. They give bad nips, and we often wondered why they did not catch her as often as she caught them.

Another of our visitors was an old negro sportsman, who used to adjourn to a brackish lake in the island

to shoot ducks. He was a quaint, tattered, picturesque old object, with his red shirt, and old one-barrelled gun. Retrieving the birds carried no discomfort for him, and he would think nothing of wading waist deep in the mud after a solitary bird.

One morning, during a stiff North-West gale, two men landed in the fashion of Robinson Crusoe on his island, that is to say, they were washed ashore. It was quite an exciting episode. We saw a "sponger" tacking about aimlessly in the heavy seas. We watched her for a bit, and presently caught sight through the glasses of a capsized boat with two men clinging to it. While Man Friday dashed off for a rope we watched the boat being washed in by the heavy seas. It was touch and go whether they could cling on until they reached the shore, and even then whether they would survive being cast up on the terrible coral rocks bristling with needle-points and cutting edges. But in the nick of time Man Friday was on the spot with the rope, and cast a coil to the men, who a couple of minutes later would have been dashed on the rocks. It was a plucky, well-managed rescue, and in carrying it out Man Friday was washed off his feet and severely bruised.

Oysters clustered upon the long mangrove. Suckers, sheepsheads, fed among them

One of the men was pretty far gone, and we had to resort to artificial respiration. But we managed by this means—and whisky—to pull them round. When they were quite recovered, they limped off without so much as a "Thank you!" Next day the "Sponger" lay off the island, and we learned that she had lost her binnacle, and the captain had sent off these two men in the dinghy to pick it up. In trying to do so, the dinghy swamped, and the captain, after making a couple of ineffectual efforts to pick them up, left them to their fate. So much for the occasional visitors who broke in upon our little colony upon the island.

We had lived the Simple Life for nearly six months, and it is difficult to say which thought was uppermost in the turmoil of emotion into which we were thrown by consideration of our return, now a matter of a few weeks, to civilisation. Certainly, conversation these last few days always seemed to run upon such subjects as dress, dinners, and the theatres. After the skipper and I had talked Savoy and Empire for a while, we would be seized with pangs of regret at the thought of leaving our dear little island.

On our last expedition, before sailing for civilisation *viâ* Nassau, we were lucky to come across a Blue Bee, a wonderfully strong fighting fish we had as yet failed to capture. The skipper hooked him. The line was short and the water deep, so that he had to hold it close to the end, with the result that directly the fish was struck it made a wonderful rush, pulling line and stick out of the skipper's hand. After much manœuvring, he secured it with the grain. The Blue Bee was still on. With the greatest care he played it almost to death, finally raising it to the surface, where it lay, with its handsome Prussian blue side and cobalt-tipped scales, in full view. Not daring to risk lifting it, the skipper called out to Man Friday to slip the net under. In doing so he touched the fish, which gave one feeble kick and sank. After months of search and endeavour, we had failed to secure the much-coveted Blue Bee. "Hang this life," said the skipper, "lets get back to London." That is how we all felt.

THE END.

Savagely the harpooned sawfish attacked the boat, while the skipper endeavoured to plant a bullet in its brain

THEATRE SUPPLEMENT

Photo *Bassano*

Firstly, Miss Billie Burke

Who is now singing at the Palace Theatre

(*For "nextly" see succeeding pages*)

The Adelphi Iseult

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Lily Brayton

Whose interpretation of Iseult, the heroine of the new Adelphi romantic play, *Tristram and Iseult*, is highly successful

The Heroism of Jason, the Jilted

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A great scene from "The Bondman" at Drury Lane

Jason (*Mr. Frank Cooper*) rescues his brother Michael (*Mr. Henry Ainley*) from the burning sulphur mine. Jason has been jilted by the heroine, Greeba, for Michael, whom he has vowed to murder, but instead of carrying out the threat becomes his friend and saviour and "bondman"

Off to America

Photo *Elsis and Walery*

Miss Lena Ashwell

Who, having just been touring in *The Shulamite*, is now *en route* across the Atlantic, where it is to be hoped she will score fresh triumphs

His House Once More In Order

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. George Alexander

Who has returned to the St. James's with Mr. Pinero's popular play, *His House in Order*

A Sandow Girl

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Minna Moore

Who is playing the fascinating part of one of the Sandow Girls in *The Dairymaids* at the Apollo

Worldly Short Story No. 43

PEEPING TOM

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN

(*Author of "Pam," etc.*)

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

"DAMN it, Rose, you might come on time. You know that I have important engagements."

Chase did not rise from the low chair by the fire as he spoke, and his pale, nervous face was stamped with the extraordinary network of dark wrinkles that frowning brought to it.

The woman, tall and graceful in her simple dark frock, stood looking down at him, as she drew off her gloves, with a curious little smile, half speculative, half tolerant. "Nerves again?" she asked.

"No. I am sick of the dirty business, and I——"

"Easy enough to get out of the dirty business if you want to."

"If I want to! As if I wouldn't give everything I have in the world never to have begun it."

The frown twisted his eyebrows closer over his eyes, his hands closed rigidly over the arms of the chair.

"Oh, bah!" she returned, pushing her veil back over her small hat, and taking off her jacket. "You have one of your bad days, that's all. You'll cheer up after a bit."

"Hold your tongue!" He shouted the words in one of his sudden rages, and rising, advanced towards her threateningly, as if about to strike her.

She looked quietly down at him, for she was the taller, meeting his angry eyes with her calm ones.

"You didn't sleep at all, did you?" she asked, apparently unconscious of his anger; and without a word he stumbled back to his chair and crouched there, tearing at his nails with his sharp, discoloured teeth.

And then happened the extraordinary thing that occurred at each of their meetings.

The man had sunk very low, but he was still enough of a gentleman to be desperately ashamed of the bond between this woman and himself.

Their secret was an extraordinarily profitable, and an apparently safe one, but, unscrupulous as he had always been, his very health was suffering under the shame he felt for what he was doing.

Yet, as Rose took a roll of paper from a locked leather box on the table before her, and began to read aloud, Chase sat up straighter, the frown faded from his face, which seemed to grow younger as he listened, and when, at last, her dark mobile face broke into a smile of delight and amusement, he, too, laughed aloud—a laugh of shy pride in an achievement.

"It is splendid, Mr. Chase," she cried, "the best of all—the very best!"

He nodded. "Yes, it is good. All the papers are talking about them now. Even the *Star* says the style is perfect."

Rose Butler laughed. "I am not very strong on style," she returned, with a touch of the slang that curiously enough lent her a certain well-bred air, "but the material is certainly splendidly worked up; I have nothing to suggest. Shall I get to work on the tick-tick?"

"Yes. You are absolutely sure of your facts?" he went on, as usual nervously doubtful of her part of the work, now that his pride as to his own was satisfied.

"Perfectly," she returned, seating herself before the typewriter and switching on the electric light. "I saw her myself. As I told you, one of my sisters married the hall-porter there, and I saw her myself—twice."

"But you said she was closely veiled—and it was late afternoon?" he persisted feebly, lighting a cigarette, with hands that shook. "You might have been mistaken, and if it *was* a mistake, the charm is broken, my—I mean to say *our*—prestige lowered. Our absolute accuracy has been——'

She wheeled round and looked at him, her handsome face, in the glare of light, full of a not unkindly scorn.

"Now don't you get nervous," she said. "I am perfectly sure, I tell you, and if you go on like this you'll be ill."

"I know, I know! Go on working. I—I am tired out, that's all."

For the next half-hour he walked restlessly up and down the long room, listening to the deliberate click of the typewriter, and smoking one cigarette after the other. It was a curious alliance, that of Lady Barrington's maid and James Chase. It had lasted now for four months, and, as has been said, had paid well.

Begun at Nutton—the place of Chase's elder brother, where the Barringtons were visiting—through some hazard of meeting, it had been purely one of profit.

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The two unscrupulous natures, both bent on gain, and careless of the means to be employed, had recognised each other at once, in spite of the difference in their stations, and the mainspring of their bond, after the love of gain and intrigue, was the feeling of each that the other was being used as an instrument. The woman was young, very handsome, and clever, but there had never been any question of love, or even friendship, between them.

Rose Butler had a persuasive tongue, a quick eye, and a retentive memory; Chase had a curious gift of words, an easy flow of graceful language, in writing, that was sharply in contrast to his meagre, jerky style of conversation. It was, in fact, a real literary gift that the man had discovered in himself towards his fiftieth year, and which, with all his baseness, it bitterly hurt him to put to the foul uses to which he had prostituted it.

So, the woman gleaning from many underground sources the nucleus of somebody's secret, some hidden scandal, the man used the opportunities his social position gave him for observation and confirmation, and combining her views and his, using his ears and his eyes to follow up the scent and run the secret quarry to earth, he moulded the whole mass of truth, supposition, and slander into a biting, well-constructed chronicle, in which much was said and more indicated, with just the hair's-breadth of reserve that kept the publisher of *The Fast Set* safe from the clutches of the law. This was the secret that was destroying Chase's nerves and putting into his always empty pockets an amount of money incredible to those who do not know the market value of scandal in high life.

The woman typed his completed chronicle and the letters to the editor of the paper; she received all communications for him at a post-office in Baker Street; she cashed the cheques sent to her under a false name, and in return received one-third of the proceeds of their filthy traffic.

"Peeping Tom" was well paid in money, and more than this, in spite of his fits of shame about the matter, Chase, who was a malicious man, greatly enjoyed the writhings of his victims, many of whom necessarily looked on him as a friend.

He had always been peculiarly without charm; a sallow, lantern-jawed man, small and narrow-chested, and he was consumed by hatred for men who were big, and strong, and comely.

Moreover, the poor wretch had had several sterile love affairs, altogether one-sided, for no woman had ever loved him.

Two of these women he had asked to marry him, and had been courteously refused. At forty he had fallen desperately in love with one of the most beautiful women in Ireland, and she, in her insolent consciousness of power, had laughed at him.

Embittered, impotent, torn with jealous fury, he had grown more and more eccentric, more and more silent, more and more malicious in his few hesitating utterances. He had had no way of revenging himself on all the people he hated, but now a way had come to him, and he revelled in it.

And at this particular time he had a new enemy, and as he walked about the room while his accomplice finished the article that would appear in the next copy of the paper, his hollow cheeks glowed with malignant delight, for the woman at whom the blow was to be struck by his deft hand was Nina Gwinn, whom he had dared to love, and whose scornful unconsciousness of his love had been to him the cruellest suffering of his life.

It is curious to reflect that, bad as he was, the man had a curious innate belief in the goodness of the women he liked. It had never occurred to him that neither Lady Brigit O'Shaughnessy nor Nina Gwinn would ever love him in any but the most blameless way. He had no thought of running away with them or doing them any wrong.

But he had loved them, and in the strength of his love, forgetting his unattractiveness, had humbly, yet confidently believed that he might, as well as other men, look for their love in return.

And Lady Brigit had laughed at him, and Mrs. Gwinn had utterly ignored the feelings that meant so much to him. So now that his time had come, Chase had not spared her, and in three days' time all London would know that Alfred Gwinn's wife had twice gone alone to Graham Playford's rooms.

When the typing was done, and Rose Butler gone, Chase sat for an hour by the fire, anticipating, with a curiously mingled joy, the appearance of the next number of *The Fast Set*.

. . . . .

As he took his place at Lady Welter's dinner-table the next evening but one, he turned to his hostess, on whose left he sat, and, with one of his queer laughs, as quick to come and go as his frowns, observed that those were right who accused the world of being queer.

"How original! But why is it queer in particular to-night?"

He laughed again, without answering, for he could hardly tell her that, having written for *The Fast Set* an account of her visits to Graham Playford's rooms, it was amusing to find himself sitting by Mrs. Gwinn, and nearly opposite Playford himself! For the very big man, with the rose in his coat, was the painter, whose skill in seizing in each sitter what he called the note of personal mystery, and bringing it into prominence in the picture, had won for him the nickname of the "Sphinx-painter."

Nina Gwinn, small and dark and delicate, her neck and arms redeemed from absolute thinness only by the amazing fragility of her bony structure, ate her oysters almost in silence.

Like most people, she did not like Chase. He was to her simply one of the various afflictions of Society, and she bore with him as she bore with the others, in a sort of civil resignation.

She was, moreover, a very silent woman, and it was this silence, in a chattering age, that was one of her greatest charms.

Chase looked at her without turning. Her little, straight profile, her silky, dark hair, her dusky, colourless skin, all these points he knew by heart. He no longer loved her—he hated her; but to-night he was less bitter towards her than usual, because she was in his power, and to men of his type impotence to revenge oneself increases hatred a thousand-fold.

"You have been away, Mr. Chase?" Mrs. Gwinn looked at him gravely as she spoke. "I have not seen you for a long time."

(Continued on page 32)

Aux Boulevards

"UNE ÉPAVE"

The celebrated picture, "Une Épave" (a waif), by Signor Caputo, an Italian artist, whose work is regarded by Parisians as exceptionally strong. The pathos of the subject, and the "atmosphere" of the above, are so obvious that no eulogy is necessary

(Continued from page 30)

"No; I have been in Town, but I have been busy. You are well, I see."

"I am always well."

Then she turned to her other neighbour, and Chase was again silent.

His half-ruined nerves were apt to play him tricks, and he knew that it behoved him to be very careful in his conversation. The articles signed "Peeping Tom" were naturally much talked about, and much wonder was expressed by everyone as to who the unknown writer might be. His unerring accuracy, his intimate knowledge of the life of the people he wrote about, had raised the supposition that he must be "someone in the know," but no one had suspected Chase, or dreamed of suspecting him.

He was an unpopular man, with a biting tongue, but he was Lord Inarrier's brother; and then his well-known ill-health excused many moods and speeches that would have been resented in another man. So he was perfectly safe, but for one thing.

In his pride of writing, his vanity of successful mischief-making, he experienced an ever-increasing longing to talk about his secret.

Sometimes, when someone praised the style of his articles, or the unfailing accuracy of his scandalous news, it seemed to him that he must cry out that it was he who wrote so well, he who so skilfully sifted the truth from the chaff of lies going about.

And to-night, the longing to hasten the inevitable turn of the conversation towards the subject that engrossed his mind was so great that in self-defence he subsided into an almost unbroken silence.

Playford, he saw, was behaving admirably. He had always watched Nina Gwinn with eyes full of artistic pleasure; he now watched her, but neither more nor less than before. Chase envied him his well-balanced nerves. As to Nina herself, she, too, behaved much as usual. She was absolutely without affectation, so that people were accustomed to her silent fits; and to-night she had one, but no one noticed it.

On the other hand, the others at that end of the table were unusually noisy, and the room rang with laughter. To-morrow, wherever they were all dining, Chase thought, they would all be talking about Nina and Playford—about his article, *his!*

Then he caught the words, "Peeping Tom," and with a sigh of relief, laid down his fork.

"Any more of those articles?" he asked, with his wrinkly grin.

"To-morrow's the day," returned someone. "I tremble, don't you all? Rotten little sheet, isn't it?"

"Beastly," agreed Playford, in his deep, deliberate voice. "I've subscribed to it!"

Mrs. Gwinn smiled. "How absurd we all are! We all abuse the horrid thing, yet we all read it! Alfred has taken it from the first, and I always read it."

"You don't think it—well, *nice*, do you?" asked a little American hung with pearls.

"Of course I don't; but I read it because it amuses me. Those Peeping Tom letters are wonderfully well done, too."

"A filthy sheet," growled Sir Charles Welter. "I don't allow it to come into my house. Mass of lies, too."

Chase, deeply stung, was on the point of making some indiscreet rejoinder, when Mrs. Gwinn took up the cudgels, and went on quietly, "But they *aren't* lies, Charlie! That is just what is so wonderful. They are all true—every word the man writes is true. He never makes a mistake, never buries the living nor resurrects the dead, he fits the right 'shadowy third' into the right household—the man knows what he is talking about, and he knows how to tell it."

After a moment's silence, Sir Charles laughed.

"I believe *you* are 'Peeping Tom' yourself, Nina," he said, "and if you are, you are a scurrilous wretch!"

Everyone laughed, and Chase, turning to her, remarked, with a brick-coloured flush on his cheek-bones, that the fellow, whoever he was, would be pleased if he could know her defence.

"He will probably hear of it," she returned, fanning herself slowly with her black fan, and meeting his eyes casually, "for I am convinced that we all know him."

Later in the evening, somebody sang.

Chase, who was sincerely fond of music, fled in horror from the performance, and found himself in the library with Mrs. Gwinn, who had gone there to write a note that she was just finishing.

"That woman ought to be strung up by the thumbs for torturing people with her abominable voice," he cried, irritably, flinging himself into the nearest chair and closing his ears with his fingers.

Nina smiled, and addressed her note. Then he saw her lips move, and listened to her.

"You are frightfully nervous, Mr. Chase," she said, kindly enough. "Why don't you take a rest-cure?"

"Rest-cure—rest-cure—rubbish! I am perfectly well, Mrs. Gwinn."

Studying his nervously distorted face for a moment, she shook her head. "No, you are not; but I am sorry I spoke of it, as it annoys you."

That she should, just at this time, have spoken so kindly to him drove him to a frenzy of irritation.

"It doesn't annoy me at all," he stammered, frowning at her, "but it bores me to talk about my health. I tell you I never was better in my life!"

Opening a silver box on the table, she took from it a stamp which she fixed to her letter. Then, taking up her gloves and fan, she started towards the door.

"Forgive me," she said, still inexplicably gentle in voice and manner, "and——*be careful!*"

"Be careful of what?"

"Of—your nerves. You nearly betrayed your secret to-night at dinner."

Her dark-lashed green eyes looked calmly into his as she spoke, she was so near that her gown nearly touched him.

"My secret——?"

"Yes."

He moistened his dry lips painfully, and stared at her. "Why do you think I have a—a secret?"

"I have known ever since that evening at the Fortescues. I saw by your face. You looked so—so proud."

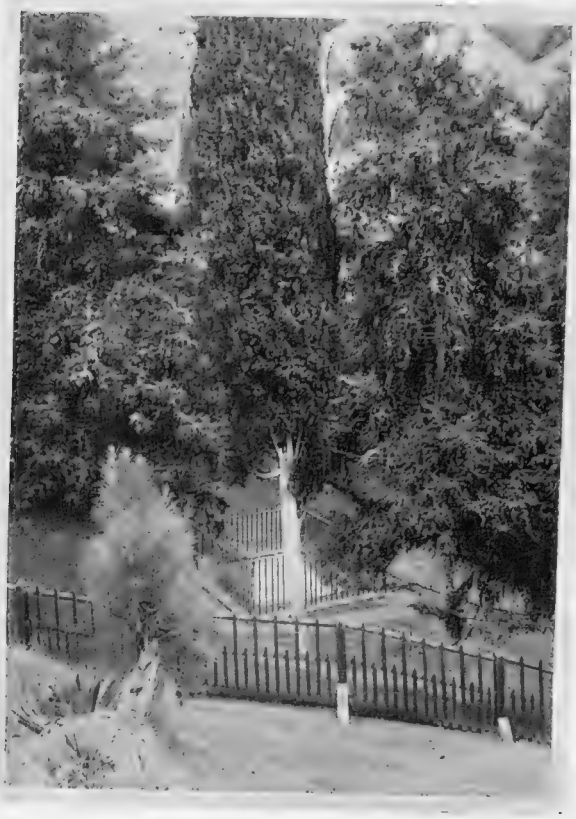
The singing in the next room had ceased, and someone was laughing loudly.

Suddenly, as though up to that moment he had never realised the enormity of his writing those

(Continued on page 34)

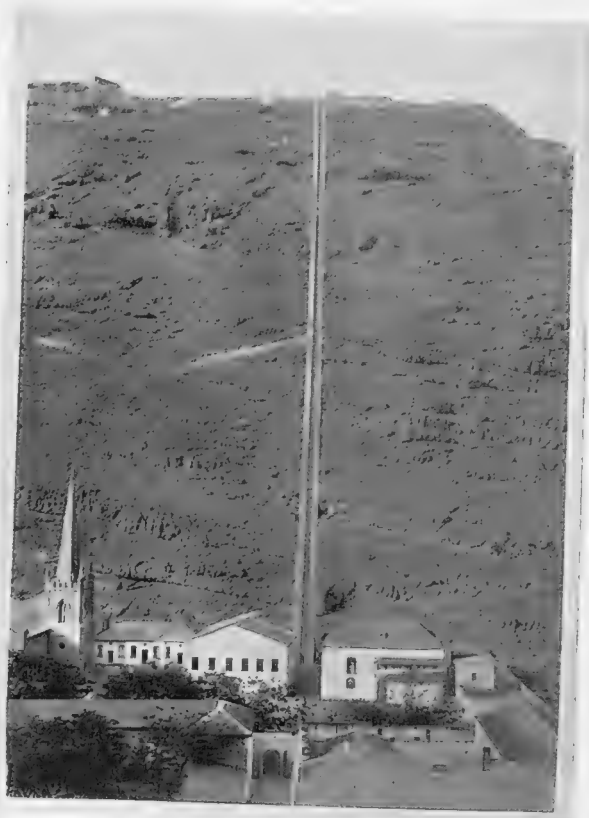
The Isle of Exile

WILL THE BRITISH GARRISON BE WITHDRAWN FROM ST. HELENA?



Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena

Though in the past the island was a great calling place for ships bound for the Cape and India before the making of the Suez Canal, one always associates St. Helena with the fact that it was Napoleon's last home. His remains were removed to France in 1840



"Jacob's Ladder," Jamestown, St. Helena

The island, which rises at one point nearly 3,000ft. above sea level, is surrounded by precipitous cliffs. "Jacob's Ladder" is the name given to an exceedingly long staircase up the side of the cliff which communicates with the fort

Photo *Bunnett*

Jamestown, the capital of St. Helena, the prosperity of which is entirely dependent on the presence of a garrison

The report that the garrison will be withdrawn from St. Helena has caused great consternation, as the whole island is practically dependent on it for its means of livelihood. The inhabitants are, therefore, petitioning the Home Government for a liberal grant to aid in setting the flax industry on a sound basis, while it is believed there are considerable mineral resources which at present cannot be developed for want of capital

(Continued from page 32)

articles, the suffering of shame he had in reality gone through swept out of his memory by the flood of horror that rushed over him, he buried his face in his hands and stood before her in a bitterness like the bitterness of death.

She watched him pityingly, and when at last he looked up, there was no scorn in her eyes, the strange colour of which he had, with evil skill, described in the letter that was so terribly to injure her—no scorn, nor even the indifferent dislike he had formerly read in them.

The woman was full of mercy, and she understood and compassionated him.

"Don't look at me l-like that," he stammered, using his hands as though he would ward off the gaze that hurt him; "look, for God's sake, as—as I deserve!"

"Oh, Mr. Chase," she answered, "how do I know what you deserve?"

The truth of this observation struck them both so forcibly that for a moment his agony faded into a something that was bearable. "Yes—" he murmured, "how do you know—or anyone? But—what I have done is—abominable—I—I knew it, and yet, until now, I didn't realise it."

"Yes. It is abominable," she answered, mildly. "You will not do it any more."

He did not seem to hear her, but stared at her with a fixed, apparently curious eyes. "Why," he said, after another pause, "didn't you speak to me—look at me—like that before?"

Someone was playing an American "coon song" in the next room, and presently Charles Welter began to sing, in the soft, sweet voice that came so surprisingly from under his grim moustache, "Egypt—if you don't want me, why will you haunt me the way you do?"

Chase listened attentively. "'If you don't want me, why will you haunt me the way you do?' I might never have realised what a blackguard I am—if had you not—spoken so kindly to me. I—— What must I do?"

"Oh, Mr. Chase, don't ask me! I am sorry I spoke. It was nothing to me, only—you seem to me to be ill——. You are so nervous——"

He gave that laugh. "I am not ill, Mrs. Gwinn—I have enjoyed doing it, writing those letters. As you said, I was proud of them. They *are* well done. And I was always a—a malicious man, and enjoyed the power of hurting people. But—I used to be a gentleman. And I have loved you for about a year and a half. That is why your kindness m-made such a fool of me."

"Loved me? I—I am sorry, Mr. Chase."

"Thanks. I——" Breaking off, he listened to the applause that greeted the ending of the song, and then, his almost grotesquely ugly face turned to her, his eyes piteous and intent.

"You have my secret—now tell me yours. Why did you go twice last week to Playford's rooms?"

She started as though he had struck her, and reddened brilliantly. "What do you mean? If I thought you meant anything—or that you were—wholly sane——"

"Never mind about me," he hurried on, in a pleading tone, "just tell me. In Christ's name tell me."

"Then—I went to have tea with his sister, who is stopping with him——"

Chase groaned. He knew that she spoke the truth, and he believed that it was too late.

"I shall go home and shoot myself," he said, indistinctly. "I—I have—written a letter about it—it is to appear to-morrow——"

To his amazement, after a scornful stare at him, she burst into a laugh.

"I am sorry—for *you*. Your beautiful reputation for truthfulness will be ruined, for everyone in Town knows that Clara Gresham is visiting her brother, and that having sprained her ankle ten days ago she has been unable to leave the apartment ever since. Not only I, but all her and his friends have gone to see her, and on the two occasions when I went, Alfred—my husband—fetched me. So—you have overreached yourself."

"You think I am—not glad, perhaps!—— I have no right to beg your pardon."

She looked down at him, still angry, but, worse, still amazed.

"No, you have not. You seem to me to have only *one* right, Mr. Chase. But I, not having resented your scurrilous stories about other people, cannot, now that you have turned your wretched little poisoned arrows towards me, pretend to a virtuous disgust. You are a very horrid little man, but, upon my word, I believe that you are not quite in your right mind, so I forgive you."

"You are g-generous," he muttered, "not to remind me that I am in your power."

She laughed again. "No. I am not of your kind. Your secret is safe with me."

She was going, he saw, and yet he must say something more—anything—but he could not let her go thus.

"As everyone knows, it, at least, will not hurt you," he went on hurriedly.

"Of course, it will not hurt me! Now—good-bye."

"Mrs. Gwinn—one minute——" Like an importunate beggar he caught her skirt and arrested her. "You said I had only one right—w-what is that one?"

Her face softened a little. "Don't touch me, please. The right—to one's pity."

"Then—for God's sake, pity me."

It occurred to her that his face, as he looked up at her, was like what that of the repentant thief on the Cross must have been.

"I—I do pity you, Mr. Chase," she said, slowly. "Good-bye." She left him then, and, without returning to the drawing-room, he crept out into the warm evening.

BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

"The Everyman Library"

All the best and greatest in the world's literature is now practically open to those who will reprint it. Far different, however, from the ordinary reprint and cheap edition, good though many of them may be, is Messrs. Dent's "Everyman Library." The volumes are printed on thin but opaque paper, and are tastefully and at the same time strongly bound in cloth at 1s. per volume, and leather 2s. One hundred and fifty volumes are now in the market, and include the best literature to be found in biography, fiction, poetry, science, travel, and children's books. A delightful little catalogue has just been issued with the last fifty volumes, which all book-lovers should obtain.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (Third Series)

(*For Particulars of this Competition, see page* xii)

"The Bystander" in Norway

Sent by Mrs. A. E. Whitaker, Babworth Hall, Retford, Notts, who writes: "I am enclosing a photo of a BYSTANDER reader taken during a recent tour in Norway. It gives a good idea of a peasant girl's dress, and of the ruggedness of the surrounding scenery"

"The Bystander" in Siam

The prize of 10*s.* 6*d.* for this photograph is awarded to the sender, Mr. L. H. Pritchard, Engineer, The Royal Mint, Bangkok, Siam. He writes: "The background of this picture, which I venture to think is unique, is the huge figure of the Sleeping Buddha at Paklet, Siam"

"The Bystander" on the Gold Coast

The sender, Mr. H. W. Atkinson, care of The Bank of British West Africa, Tarkwa, Gold Coast Colony, West Africa, writes: "The picture portrays an animated scene in the native market-place of a village near Tarkwa, the centre of the gold mining industry in this Colony. All descriptions of native "chop" (food) are sold by these vendors, and the costumes worn are in keeping with the tropical climate"

Rhodesia, the Land of Promise

A vista of pineapples and coffee

A typical pioneer "bachelor farmer's" home near Salisbury

A visitor to Rhodesia of high authority has lately said, "I believe Rhodesia is a country capable of enormous development from the agricultural point of view, to say nothing of special crops and the establishment of industries, such as tobacco, fibres, oil (from the monkey-nut and castor-oil bean), flax, hemp, cotton, and rubber in certain districts."

Sixteen years ago, the country was practically unexplored. Now it may well be termed "The Land of Promise." Its climate is perfect, for, although situated almost in the tropics, it lies very high and possesses a temperate and pleasant atmosphere.

Every advantage is now being offered to the intending settler. The "bachelor farmer" can obtain a year's thorough training on a central farm before taking up his holding, and is thus sure of a thorough knowledge of the land and soil he will have to work upon. If, however, the intending settler has already sufficient experience, he can obtain his land at once, the payment for which will be spread over a number of years. Assistance is also given him in providing live stock, and, when the time comes, in the marketing of his produce.

But a small idea can be gathered of the variety of crops and stock from the photographs on this and the opposite page, representative though these may be. Mealies, or maize, are, of course, the staple crop, while wheat, oats, barley, beans, millet, and all kinds of vegetables, including potatoes, flourish. Orchards have been established on many of the

Types of Rhodesian mealies or Indian corn

Acres upon acres of potatoes at Gweli

Where Workers are Wanted

Young ostriches on an ostrich farm at Enkeldoon

The Interior of a Rhodesian Tobacco Warehouse: Baling for shipment

farms, and the rapid growth of the trees is extraordinary. Plums, lemons, limes, mangoes, pomegranates, bananas, peaches, apricots, apples, and mulberries do well, though, curiously enough, the soil does not seem to suit pears. If sufficient attention is given to the matter, there is every probability of the country becoming a wine-producing one, for, as can be seen from the picture below, grapes are exceedingly fine. We have sampled ourselves some of the Rhodesian tobacco, and, without hesitation, we can say that it equals the very finest Turkish. This, again, is an industry which the country will do well to encourage.

As for live stock, certain pests and diseases have to be combated, but modern science is rapidly devising means by which cattle can be safeguarded. Besides the native cattle, which are of nice quality, but small, there are some flourishing cross-breeds. Merino and other kinds of sheep do very well, and it is said that there could not be a finer country for horse-breeding.

A native Mashona cow

Cape Colony itself provides a large market, just at hand, for at the present time the Cape has to import annually nearly £2,500,000 worth of just the commodities which flourish in Rhodesia. By the completion of the Trunk Railway System of Southern Rhodesia and the establishment of through communication between the Port of Beira on the Indian Ocean, the Cape Ports, and Victoria Falls, not only South Africa, but the rest of the world has been thrown open for Rhodesian produce.

Some "spies" with bunches of grapes from the "Land of Promise," Rhodesia

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The "Old Man's Game" Fallacy

I have touched on this subject in a former article, and I must crave my readers' indulgence for referring to it again. It has been brought to my mind by an expression used in conversation by a friend the other day. He is a member of a suburban cricket club, and was telling me something about the other members. Besides cricket, tennis is also played, and there is, in addition, a small "chip" course, on which members can perfect their iron play while waiting for a turn at the nets. One Spartan individual, however, he told me, refused to have any truck with the game of golf, even in such an innocent form as this club afforded, and stoutly refused to be lured into any attempt at it, because, as he said, "golf is really an old man's game, and I shall take it up later on, if ever." As this obstinate individual would never see forty again, it is much to be wondered at what age he intends to enter on the thorny path leading to golf, and what sort of a game he will ever acquire. But he is only repeating the mistake made by so many other unfortunate golfers to their undying regret. I should have imagined that this fallacy about golf had been pretty well exploded, and it interests me to find that it is still prevalent. For it is not to be presumed that our suburban cricketing friend is, like the Dodo, a survival of an extinct species, and there must be others extant holding the same misguided and erroneous opinion.

Photo *Kinloch*

Mr. Balfour as golf champion

The Ex-Premier, who won, last week, the Dalrymple Golf Cup, at North Berwick. He can here be seen playing at the new North Berwick Course

Its Cause

I have endeavoured to get at the basis of reason which, presumably, in their minds, underlies such an opinion. I have come to the conclusion that it must be founded, in some cases, on entire, and in others on partial, ignorance of the game. With those who are in entire ignorance of the game I do not propose to grapple. The remedy for them is obvious, and their case is not so hopeless as the other section, who imagine they know the game, and yet condemn it as the pastime of potterers and greybeards. These latter sin, to some extent, against the light, for it is inconceivable, in a golfer's eyes, that any knowledge of the game, however incomplete, should lead to such an amazing attitude. I have come to the conclusion that those who have some smattering of golf in their possession, and yet consider it a game which can be left for late middle, or even old, age, can never have seen the game played as it should be played on a first-class course. I take it that their knowledge of golf has come from seeing it played on some poor suburban course, or from attempting it themselves on some make-believe private links during a week-end stay with some enthusiastic golfing friend.

The Pitable State of the Elderly Tyro

Let me say at once that those who leave golf out of consideration till they are forty had better leave it severely alone altogether. In some most exceptional cases some sort of a decent game may reward the strivings of a late middle-aged recruit. But, in most cases, nothing but fury, exasperation, and vain regrets over lost opportunities will come of the belated attempt to learn the most difficult game in the world. How often have we heard the pathetic wail of some middle-aged tyro, "Oh, if I had only begun when I was young!" Golf, like all other games, must be learned when we are young. Having once mastered the principles of it, a very occasional game will keep the hand in, and other games of greater activity may be pursued with impunity and without detriment.

When the Golfer Comes by His Own

However, the period for these active games, such as tennis, football, cricket, *et hoc genus omne*, does not last very long. Thirty finds us already considering the matter. Forty soon comes to tell us we are lagging superfluous on the stage. Then comes the question, "What game can we now pursue for the sake of that exercise which has now become a necessity of our physical well-being?" Then it is that the man who has not neglected golf in his youth comes by his own. He is able to take up his golf again, and soon renews acquaintance with the secrets which he mastered in his younger days. In this sense alone is golf an old man's game. In this way alone can golf become the solace and charm of later years.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Pheasants and Pheasant Shooting

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

The "1st of October," nowadays, means but very little to shooting men. No one worthy the name of sportsman dreams of "potting" (I can call it no other name) pheasants at this early period of the season, or before the leaves are off, unless it be to get those birds which are on the extreme edge of the boundaries, and likely to wander on to other people's land, and so be lost to us.

Of all the stupid, uninteresting kind of shooting, it is that of "potting" a wretched pheasant which rises —certainly with a startling noise—at one's feet in the turnips in October. There is no sort of sport in downing one, even after waiting till it is far enough off to prevent one blowing it to pieces. A very different customer to hit will this bird be—if spared—in November or December, as he comes rocketing gaily over the tops of high trees, careering down-wind at the rate of thirty-five yards, and more, a second. He will then try one's skill to the utmost, and if he is brought down, dead as a door-nail, it is something to feel legitimate pleasure over. There are, however, men who will shoot at anything; nothing is safe from their scatter guns. There is a category under which these undesirables may be placed, but certainly not under the heading of genuine sportsmen.

A Question of L. S. D.

Pheasant shooting of to-day is very different from what it was before, or even after, the "'forties," for it was not till the "'sixties" that bags of over a thousand pheasants in one day were made. Birds were then mostly wild bred, whereas to-day they are principally artificially reared. The result is that the number reared and shot each year is very far in excess of those obtained fifty years ago. It is now purely a matter of money. Anyone who owns sufficient land and coverts can breed as many pheasants as the land will conveniently carry. He may rear 100, or he may rear 10,000—it is simply a question of £ *s. d.* When we read of great bags made, we know at once that this has been a matter of artificially breeding and successfully rearing an enormous head of birds *to order*, and these have been brought well over the "guns," and no doubt scientifically shot.

Quantity v. Quality

There is, however, nothing very wonderful about it all, and often the birds are not particularly hard to kill. Personally, I infinitely prefer a moderate

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Pheasant Rearing at Bayham Abbey, Lord Camden's Seat: The foster-mothers at breakfast

Each "mother" is tethered by her leg to a post to prevent quarrels. After breakfast, a stretch, and a dust, they are returned to the boxes which contain the pheasants' eggs

bag, and plenty of tall shots, where one's skill is tried to the utmost, and where each bird killed might as easily as not have been missed. The size of the bag, to my mind, is immaterial as compared with the character of the sport obtained, for big bags do not necessarily mean the highest form of sport. There are some shoots I have taken part in which are anything but interesting, and certainly not sporting, though they might easily have been made so. The lay of the ground was right, the woods were placed so as to give sporting shots—but the "guns" were placed so near to the coverts, that birds had no chance of getting up and on wing ere they were down—almost unfit for the kitchen. Yet, had the "guns" only been put back 25, 50, or 100 yards, it would have made all the difference, and given the birds a chance of getting on some pace and even height, and bringing them down would have been a pleasure. The fact is, hosts of this sort like to murder their birds, and are frightened they will miss them unless they can pot at them as they flutter up slowly from the ground. But as for sport! it is as far removed from it as anything can well be. A pheasant, later on in the season, is not only a beautiful bird in appearance, but he can also give one the very best of sport, if a chance is allowed him.

Pheasant Breeding and Rearing

The breeding and rearing of pheasants is most interesting, and on this subject keepers have fads and fancies as to how it should be done. As they are mostly technical differences of opinion, I will not enter into them here, but content myself by referring to a method of feeding foster-mothers which is pursued on Lord Camden's property at Bayham Abbey. The system here in vogue is to take the hen off the nest, where she is sitting inside a box, and tethering her by one leg by a string to a post in the ground. It is argued that this keeps the birds from fighting, and ensures them getting their proper quantity of food. These are undoubtedly advantages; at the same time, I think there are disadvantages. An old hen, after sitting boxed up for hours, gets very stiff, and on being placed on the ground suddenly is quite dazed and can scarcely stand. It is true she soon recovers and picks up her food, and does her best to clean herself. This, however, does not appear to me enough, for dusting and rolling, with one leg tied to a post, must restrict matters a good deal. Then, too, a hen loves to have a little walk, and pick about a bit, and stretch herself. Anyhow, the plan works well at Bayham, and it is a wonderful sight to see the keepers bring out of the boxes some 500 hens, every one of which is kept just separate from the next one. Each hen sets on fifteen to eighteen eggs, and the chicks, when hatched, are the prettiest little things imaginable. But what care and attention they require, and how easily is the small thread of life snapped—by the deadly enteric or the gapes. Lucky is the keeper who can bring 70 or 75 per cent. of birds hatched to the "guns"; far more often is it 50—or under. But as they grow older and get over their baby troubles, and leave their foster-mothers, they soon find shelter in the undergrowth of the coverts, and once they can flutter up to branches to roost, they are safe from foxes and vermin.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

Photo *Photochrom Co.*

A Range of Burning Hills: The Malvern Hills, which were on fire last week

The burning of the gorse on the hills at Malvern last week was, especially at night, a lurid and grand spectacle. The conflagrations were started by the sheep-owners, who wished to destroy the gorse so as to obtain a good supply of pasture

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"The Worsleys." By Armiger Barclay. (Sisleys, Ltd. : 6*s.*)
"Love Letters that Led to a Divorce." By Miss May Adlington. (Sisleys, Ltd.)
"The Pillow Book." By N. G. Royde-Smith. (Methuen : 6*s.*)
"The Private War." By Joseph Vance. (Grant Richards : 6*s.*)
"A History of Covent Garden Theatre." By H. Saxe-Wyndham. 2 vol. (Chatto and Windus : 21*s.*)
"The Woman Thou Gavest." By Lady Troubridge. (Unwin : 6*s.*)

One Way of Spoiling a Story

I have two novels, both by men of recognised talent, but which are, according to my lights as a "gentle reader," spoiled because of the manner in which their authors have elected to set forth their stories. Of the one, *Listener's Lure*, by Mr. E. V. Lucas (Methuen : 6*s.*), my complaint is that I cannot, with the most conscientious intentions, get absorbed in a narrative which is unfolded in a series of letters from various persons to each other. No matter how admirable the story which lurks beneath the correspondence so collected, it suffers in its appeal to the reader by this stupid method of narration. The letters purport to be written by different people—this one by "Lynn Harberton, of the Manor House, Winfield," to "Edith Graham, his ward and amanuensis," the next by "Edith Graham" to Lynn Harberton," and then sheaves of letters from various people, numbering altogether no less than twenty, to each other, which detail Edith's experiences looking for, and enjoying, employment in London on leaving her ward's services. If her experiences, however, were interesting at all, why did not the author, Mr. Lucas himself, take the responsibility for telling them, and not delegate it to imaginary correspondents in whom the reader cannot be interested? A story told in letters is a styleless story. The author unwisely conceals his own personality. Furthermore, he forces a reader to plough through a mass of avowedly amateur prose in which the descriptive element is lacking. Furthestmore, the pages cannot be lightened by dialogue. In fact, the whole fabric of a story so related loses point and literary interest, and therefore credit to its author, from being unfolded in so irritating and senseless a fashion.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Troubridge

Whose new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest," has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

And Another

And now as to my other instance. Mr. R. E. Vernède is, of course, a charming writer, and one who should achieve great things as a fictionist. His fault, however, in *Meriel of the Moors* (Alston Rivers : 6*s.*), is the converse of that of Mr. Lucas in *Listener's Lure*. He reveals his hand too much in this, otherwise, interesting love story. From the very first he drags in himself, not as the hero, but as the chronicler of the story, and makes flippant allusions to himself in the rôle of scribe, which have the infallible effect of suggesting to the reader that the author is not treating the book seriously. That is fatal. A novelist who does not respect the novel, or who takes up his task in a vein which he confesses is flippant, can only interest the reader if his story is a burlesque. This *Meriel* is not. It is by way of being a charming story of moorland life and a character-study, with Meriel as its central personality. Yet the introduction to the chief incidents being made in this non-serious vein, one's interest in the plot as unfolded is sapped, and candidly, tedium supervenes before its *crux* is really reached. There are so many novels, nowadays, to be read that our young authors should see to it that their method, as well as their material, is attractive, or they will find themselves overlooked by the public. It is all very well to sneer at "trashy novels," but I, for one, would rather read a trashy novel than a dull one, and dull is, I fear, the epithet which the plain man, as distinct from the gushing "literary lounger" of the Press, is apt to apply to books of the kind I have mentioned.

A Readable Novel

When a pretty and educated young woman, knowing nothing whatever about domestic work, is engaged as parlour-maid by a rich young bachelor and M.P., you may be pretty sure that consequences of anything but a menial and humdrum character will follow. To know what these are, it will be necessary to secure *The Worsleys*, by Armiger Barclay (Sisleys : 6*s.*). This book, plausible or otherwise in the light of probability, is *not*, heaven be praised, dull—and really that is something to be able to say in these days.

Kitty and "Mr. D."

Love Letters that Led to a Divorce is the attractive title of a little book by Miss May Adlington, issued by Messrs. Sisleys, Ltd. It gives, however, rather a misleading idea of the contents. The letters, written by a Mrs. Yorke to Mr. D., which are first signed "Catherine Yorke," next "Kitty Yorke," and lastly just "Kitty," and which begin with invitations to Bridge, and end with invitations to kisses, certainly form half the book, and lead to the divorce. Whatever guilt is the writer's, however, is

"given away" in such harmless phrases that anybody who peruses the book seeking suggestive matter will be sadly disappointed. The human interest in the volume lies not in the sentences whereby Mrs. Yorke lets "Mr. D." know that she loves him, and gets divorced for proving the fact; it begins *after* the divorce. Kitty, having gone to Australia with her lover and co-respondent, expecting him to marry her, is betrayed on her arrival, and left to earn her own living as a music-mistress. Then she discovers that her first husband misses her. She writes to him a fresh series of letters, far more forcible and human than those written to her contemptible "lover" and betrayer. For she writes as a chastened woman of the world, and there is a decided piquancy in the idea of a divorced woman so confiding in her first husband. The letters to him grow in intimacy and fondness until—well, until he comes to Australia and fetches her back, and settles down once again to a newly married life whose bliss is thereafter quite unadulterated (happy word, that!). The other fellow, meanwhile, marries an heiress. A clever piece of work, which goes to increase the growing reputation of a new and enterprising publishing firm.

Mr. H. Saxe-Wyndham
Author of "A History of Covent Garden Theatre" (Chatto & Windus) and Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music

A History of Covent Garden

Mr. Henry Saxe-Wyndham, known to the musical world as the Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music, has been devoting his spare time lately to the exhausting task of compiling a history of Covent Garden Theatre, which is now published by Chatto & Windus. He has done his work with immense care and patience. The history of Covent Garden is largely of national interest, as it is practically the history not merely of grand opera in England, but of the higher drama generally. Goldsmith's and Sheridan's famous plays first saw the light there. Peg Woffington, Garrick, the Siddons, Kemble, Macready, Phelps, Helen Faucit, Kean, played there; and, in fact, from the historical standpoint, Covent Garden's reputation is even greater as a home of drama than of music. However, it did see the production in London of Handel's *Messiah*. It echoed to the rapturous plaudits of Jenny Lind, Grisi, Patti, Nilsson, and Albani. *Lohengrin* first stormed London there in 1875. Mr. Wyndham, though primarily associated with the profession of music, has dealt impartially and exceedingly ably with the great theatre in all its varying aspects, and no student of the history of the stage and music in England should shirk the reading of his highly instructive and entertaining volumes.

That He May Sleep Who Reads

"People," writes "N. G. Royde-Smith," in a preface to *The Pillow Book* (Methuen: 6*s*.), "are divided into two classes: those who put out the light before getting into bed, and those who get into bed before putting out the light. It is to members of the latter class that this little book is offered." Then follows a wide selection of verses, sentences, epigrams, etc., from all the writers of all the ages, a glance at which is recommended by the author as "preferable for 'pillow readers' to stories with plots to lure them from page to page until the candle gutters and dies evilly." I do not know that "pillow readers," among whom I number myself, will thank the compiler. Anything less calculated to inspire sleepiness than such extracts I cannot conceive. Poems to set the brain in a rhythmical whirr; texts to throb one's conscience; epigrams to tickle one's tired ears—these are, surely, more calculated than anything to keep the thoughtful man a-thinking, and, consequently, awake. The ideal book for pillow reading is the "readable" novel, sufficiently interesting to hold attention for a chapter or two, but far too foolish to arouse in the brain one figment of a thought, once it has done its work, and tired the eye to the needed sleeping point. However, for reading away from the pillow, the little volume is about as good a collection of extracts as has lately been compiled, and has the advantage of being up-to-date and including *morceaux* from such moderns as Mr. Kipling, Mr. Chesterton, and even Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

The Inevitable German War

Variants on Mr. Le Queux's fatuously famous *Invasion in 1910* come in from various sources. The idea of some kind of a "row" with Germany seems to obsess some fictionists. Those who like fantastic imageries of this bellicose nature might beguile themselves with Mr. Joseph Vance's *The Private War* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.), which relates, in vigorous and sanguinary enough fashion, an imaginary conflict on the high seas with the enemy. The author has, doubtless, been inspired to his narrative by some of last year's remarkable events in the North Sea, for his central situation is the carrying off of a destroyer disguised as a yacht, and her fight to a finish with British and German destroyers in the North Sea.

A Winter Sports' Annual

Something quite new, and very useful in the way of sporting year-books is now promised by Mr. Horace Cox, of Breams Buildings. Entitled *The Winter Sports' Annual*, the little volume (price 1*s*. 6*d*., or 2 francs) will cover the entire field of ice and snow pastimes. Article by experts on skating, ski-ing, tobogganing, curling, will form a part of the contents, and will enable those interested in these sports (and their number increases annually) to keep in touch with current history concerning them. Useful, however, in a reference sense, will be the directory of winter resorts in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, which will give intending winterers abroad all information they may desire for their tours. Nothing quite like *The Winter Sports' Annual* has hitherto been published, while the publisher and the editor (Mr. T. Wroughton, of the English Ski Club) are to be congratulated on their enterprise.

Games and Pastimes

A Good Start for the South Africans

The South Africans have been tried, and have by no means been found wanting. It is true that they have not, perhaps, been very highly tried, but that was just as well at the start, for, as I predicted last week, they were evidently on tenter-hooks, knowing that they would be criticised, as it were, from an "All-Black" standpoint, and that very likely if they lost their first match the great (and fickle) B.P. would have none of them. This quite accounted for the shockingly scratchy way in which they began against the East Midlands. Fortunately for them, however, the English side did not take much keeping out, and the very moment the first try went, a little luckily, to South Africa there was a complete change. The visitors at once got going, and played thereafter like a well-balanced and confident team. Their forwards are good; they work hard and keep it up; their backs are strong, straight, and very fast runners, who thoroughly understand the value of getting a move on before you begin to think about combined passing, and they can kick; they have, moreover, at least two good place-kicks. They may not succeed in approaching the extraordinary record of their predecessors, or in creating quite such a *furore* as they did, but they will give us some fun for our money before we've done with them.

A Plea For More Gravel Courts

I have often wondered why it is that lawn tennis is not played more generally all the year round. Even in this much-maligned climate of ours there are plenty of days, if not actually in mid-winter, at any rate in the spring and autumn, when a good game of lawn tennis out of doors is not to be beaten, *if the court is one of the right kind.* I emphasise these last few words, because the reason why winter lawn tennis makes such little headway is that people have got hold of the notion that the right kind of surface for outdoor play in winter is asphalte, cement, tar-paving, or some similar substance. I am convinced that this is wrong, and that the right kind of court for winter work is one in which either gravel or brick-rubble forms the principal "ingredient." An asphalte court, apart from the initial cost, which is heavy, seldom remains true for more than a year or two. There are also minor drawbacks, such as the excessive glare in bright sunlight, and the punishment which one's feet get in the course of a long match. A gravel (or rubble) court, on the other hand, if properly constructed at the outset, and fairly carefully looked after, will last a life-time. It is easily repaired and kept true; it dries fairly quickly (without mopping or squeegeeing) after rain, and it does not discolour the balls to any great extent. Moreover, the bound of the ball is much more like what one gets on grass. I believe, without going into details, that any club in England, with anything of a membership, could make a winter season pay, and I look forward to the time when every club of any standing will be able to boast of its one, two, or even more, gravel courts.

"Springboks" v. East Midlands: A gentle scuffle

After the "All-Blacks"—the "Springboks." The South Africans have begun their tour of Britain by beating two of our teams, the East Midlands 37 points to nil, and the Midland Counties by 29 points to nil. The latter is one of the strongest Rugby combinations in England, and in beating them by that number, the South Africans eclipse the New Zealanders' victory against them of 21 to 5

Boxing Champions of Both Services

Aldershot was very busy the first three days of last week, when the Annual Boxing Championships, open to all ranks of the British Army and Navy, were contested in the Gymnasium in the picturesque Queen's Avenue.

With such well-known personalities as General Sir John French, Major-General Belfield, Major-General Eustace (Commandant, Royal Artillery), Colonel the Hon. John Scott Napier (late Inspector of Gymnasia), and Colonel G. M. Fox taking an active interest in the proceedings, it was not surprising to see the eagerness with which the various competitors struggled for fistic supremacy.

Colonel Fox, the referee

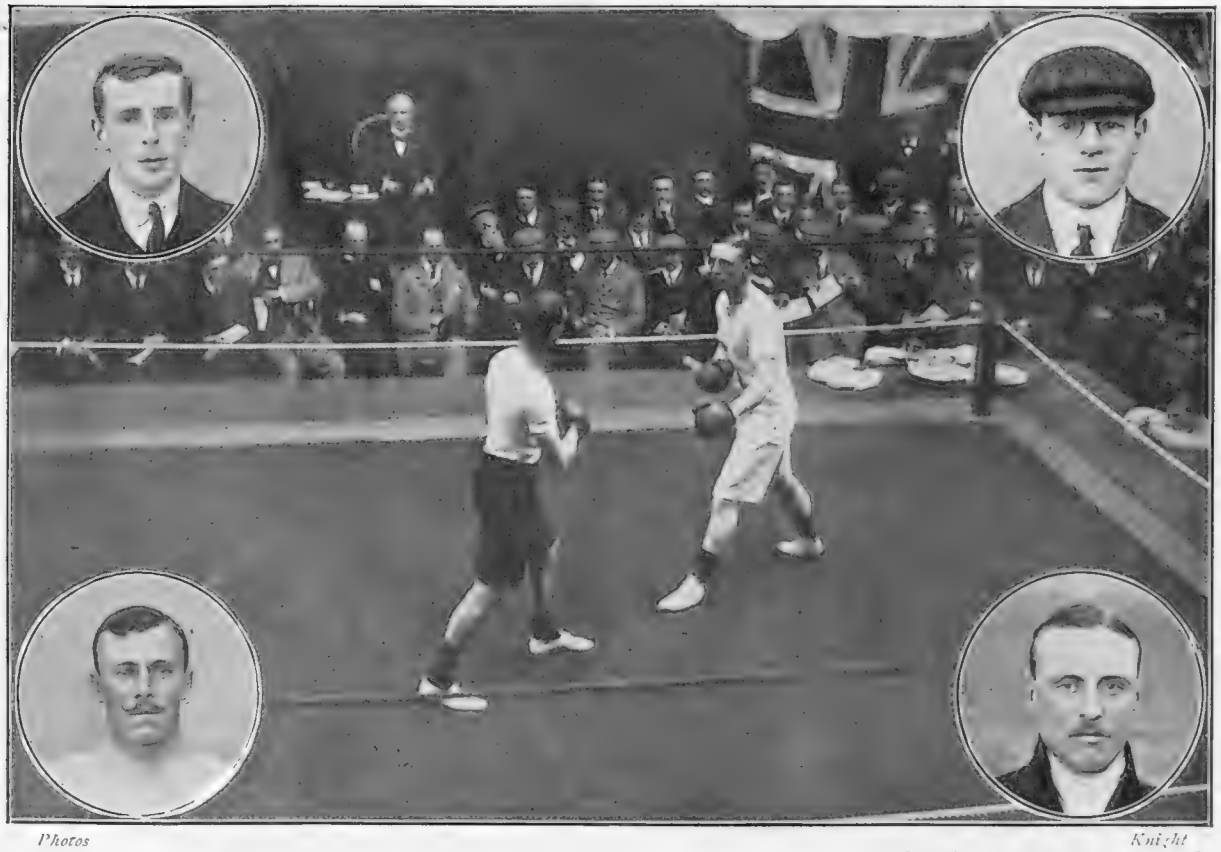
Although the entries for the officers' events were naturally not nearly so numerous as in the competitions open to the rank and file, these contests certainly went a very long way towards the brilliant success of the meeting. Taken all round, the form displayed was quite of the Championship class. Lieut. W. S. D. Craven, of the Royal Horse Artillery, who won the Officers' Heavy-Weight Competition, is a man of wonderful physique, and knows a good deal more about the game than he was asked to show in putting down the opposition this year. He was educated at Haileybury College, and since joining the Army he has played a good deal of Rugby football, and learnt to box on very scientific lines. This is the second time he has won the Heavy-Weight Championship.

Captain W. Long, of the Royal Scots Greys, is a man of considerable strength, and has gained a sound knowledge of the noble art. He is not unfamiliar with the craft of the ring, for he has boxed since quite a youth. He is the son of the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, was educated at St. Andrew's, Eastbourne, and subsequently at Harrow.

Second-Lieutenant Lushington, although only nineteen years of age, has, thanks to the tuition of Sergt.-Major Dent, of the Gymnasium Staff, Aldershot, achieved the exceptional task of gaining Championship honours in the very first competition he has boxed in. He is a very useful feather-weight and a very keen sport. Assistant-Paymaster E. G. Leyshon, Royal Navy, the winner of the Light-Weight Competition, is very thickly set, and one of the best light-weights throughout the Empire.

Lieut. Lushington, R.M.A., Officers' Feather-Weights Champion

Mr. E. G. Leyshon, R.N., Officers' Light-Weights Champion



Photos *Knight*

Lieut. W. S. D. Craven, R.H.A., Officers' Heavy-Weights Champion

Officers in the ring
Captain Long and Lieut. Richards boxing for the Officers' Middle-Weights, won by Captain Long

Capt. W. Long, Scots Greys, Officers' Middle-Weights Champion

HIGH-CLASS TOBACCOS & CIGARETTES
AT MODERATE PRICES.

No common Cigarettes of the 2½ or 3½. packet varieties or inferior grade tobaccos are produced by us. The name and trade mark of the

ARDATH TOBACCO CO.

IS A

GUARANTEE OF HIGH-CLASS QUALITY.

The following are three of our best-known brands:

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE IN QUALITY. No. 555, 4/9 per 100. 6d. per 10.

ARDATH SMOKING MIXTURE
THE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY.
Medium, also Mild and Full } 2/5 per ½ lb. 7½d. per 1 oz. tin.

QUO VADIS High-Class Turkish CIGARETTES
SUPERIOR TO ANY TURKISH OR EGYPTIAN BRANDS NOW ON THE MARKET.
Quality No. 50 } per 10 9d. per 100 7/-

25,000 DEALERS STOCK OUR PRODUCTIONS. If difficulty is experienced in obtaining supply we will forward Sample of any of the above on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps.

MANUFACTURERS:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., WORSHIP STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

BOVRIL
IS
BRITISH

THE
PIANOLA-PIANO

The Only Complete Piano.

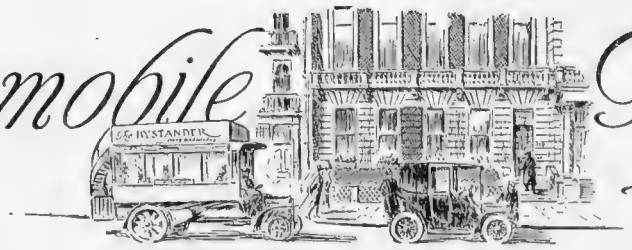
The conjunction of three inventions—the Piano, the Pianola, and the Metrostyle—is only found in the Pianola-Piano, which is, therefore, the first and only complete piano. In appearance the Pianola-Piano exactly resembles an ordinary piano. It embodies every modern improvement in piano manufacture, and the combination of piano and Metrostyle Pianola does not in the slightest degree interfere with the usefulness and musical efficiency of either. If you play by hand you can use the Pianola-Piano just as you would any other high-grade instrument.

If you cannot play by hand, all that you have to do is to let down two pedals, slide a panel and insert a music-roll. Then you can play over 17,000 compositions, and if unfamiliar with the music the Metrostyle supplies authoritative interpretations so that you can play exactly as Paderewski, Moszkowski, Chaminade, or some other great pianist or composer has played. You are invited to call at Æolian Hall, and have a practical demonstration of this invaluable instrument, or failing that, write for Pianola-Piano Catalogue **B.**

Any make of piano will be taken in part exchange, and purchasers may avail themselves of our Deferred Payment System.

The Orchestrelle Co.
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Tourist Trophy Lessons

As only one-sixth of the forty-nine cars entered for the Tourist Trophy Race finished the course, it may be conceded that the conditions were somewhat exacting. As a fact, the extra two and a half miles to the gallon of petrol—twenty-five miles in all—demanded from competitors this year proved an insurmountable difficulty to all except eight of the competitors. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, who won in 4hr. 6min. and $^3/_5$ of a second, averaged a speed of 39·7 miles an hour for 160$^1/_2$ miles, which he covered without a single stop. It was Mr. Rolls's first important win, although few among our pioneer automobilists have competed in more International contests than Lord Llangattock's son.

Going over the course for the Tourist Trophy Race

This photograph of the Sunbeam car, driven by Mr. Eastmead, was taken near the summit of Snaefell, 1,500ft. above sea level, outside Bungalow Hotel

It will be remembered that one of Mr. Rolls's cars—a 20 h.-p. Rolls-Royce, driven by Mr. Percy Northey—ran second in the Tourist Trophy Race last year, and the hearty cheers which greeted the winner's performance last Thursday were as much a tribute to sterling British determination, careful thought, and unceasing effort in the improvement of the ordinary touring car as an appreciation of a very remarkable performance accomplished in true sporting style.

Mr. J. Ernest Hutton, whose 22 h.-p. Berliet ran second in 4 hr. 32 min. 58 sec., is also to be congratulated. He has been shadowed throughout the season with persistent ill-fortune, and even in Manxland his evil genius failed to desert him.

Photos] **The Tourist Trophy Race: The winner, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, at the finish** [*Topical Agency*

The achievement of the Rolls-Royce car was a magnificent one, the average pace over the 160-mile course being only slightly under forty miles per hour. The Hon. C. S. Rolls left the Isle of Man to take part in the great Gordon Bennett Balloon Race in Paris

TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

A 22 H.P.

Berliet

Won 2nd. Place.

Beating all foreign cars competing. A Berliet car holds the World's Record for fuel consumption.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

J. E. Hutton, Ltd.,

81-83, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

PRATT'S MOTOR SPIRIT

Used Everywhere!

Sold Everywhere!

Wins Everywhere!

MORE Pratt's Spirit imported into the United Kingdom during the first seven months of this year than all other brands combined.

The Tourist Trophy Race Criticised

The Object of the Race

When the competition for the Tourist Trophy was inaugurated by the Automobile Club Technical Committee in the early months of last year, an announcement was widely circulated to the effect that speed racing of high-powered cars having served its purpose as an educational factor in the march towards motor perfection, a fitting successor might be found in a contest for cars which should in all respects resemble those offered by manufacturers and dealers in the ordinary way of business to the purchasing public. One of the principal conditions under which entries for the Tourist Trophy Race were accepted was that competing vehicles should be

A Valueless Object-Lesson

Calculated to satisfy average requirements in almost every case, cars were constructed in such a manner as to jeopardise durability, if not actual safety, for the sake of weight reduction, while the comfort of prospective passengers, so far as decent coachwork can contribute thereto, was left entirely out of the makers' calculations, and, to put the matter tersely, the Tourist Trophy Race of 1906 has signally failed to prove an object-lesson to manufacturers and a finger-post to purchasers, because the Club Committee has winked at practices on the part of entrants which were resorted to in order that cars might be able to traverse the one hundred and sixty miles of the

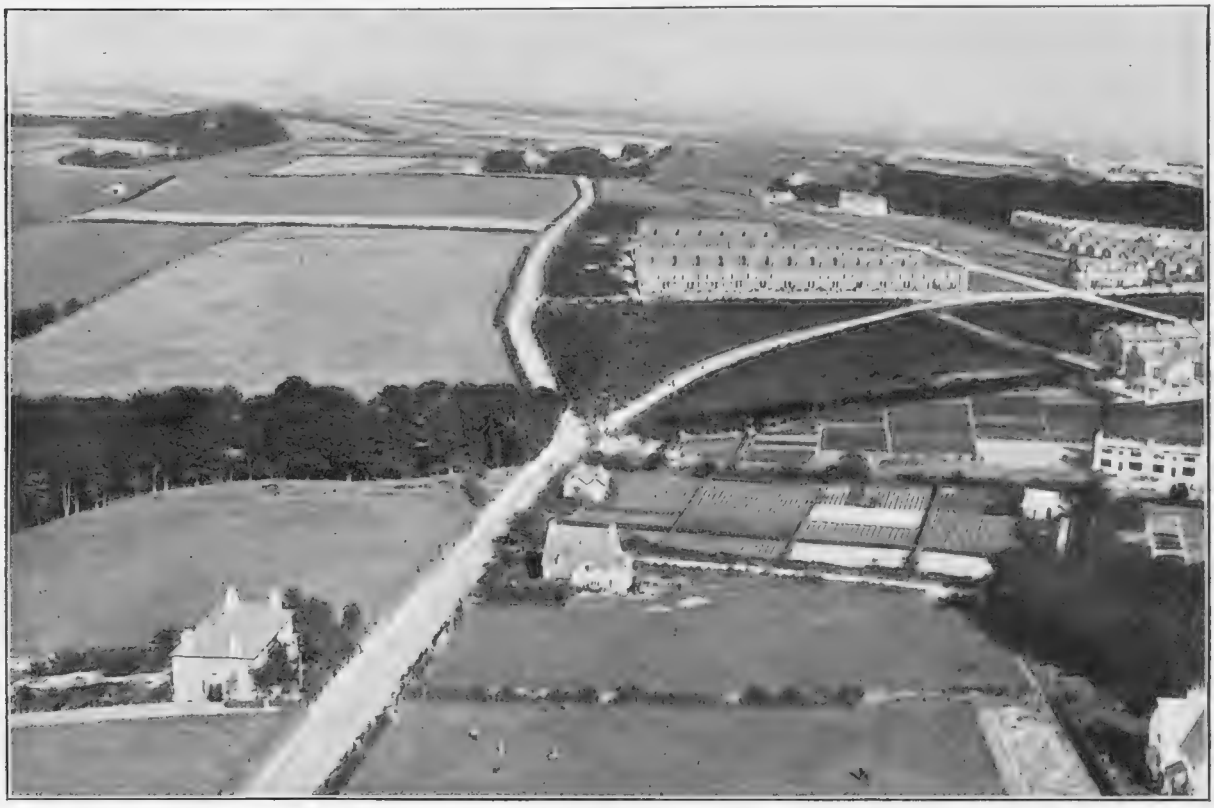


Photo *Topical Agency*

A bird's-eye view of the course for the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man

The view was taken just above the Grand Stand by Mr. W. J. Edwards, from a balloon provided by the Dunlop Company, which was used as "an observation tower" for Press purposes during the race

standard touring cars as sold by their respective makers at prices ranging between £450 and £750, and another point of almost equal importance to the motoring public was that economy in running, as exemplified by small consumption of petrol, would be taken into consideration in awarding the honours. The efforts of the Club Committee to eliminate freaks were not over successful last year, although several would-be competitors were barred because of *papier mâché* bonnets, wooden steps, and other weight-reducing devices which do not appeal to the seeker for a soundly built, reliable conveyance. After looking over the various cars entered for this year's competition, I am bound to confess that, with three exceptions, I should unhesitatingly decline to accept any of those garaged in the Club enclosure in the Isle of Man as representative touring automobiles. course on the day of the race at top speed, and on the smallest allowance of petrol. Whether they were afterwards consigned to the scrap-heap or not, I am only voicing the expressed opinions of those best qualified to judge when I say that if we are to learn any lessons of future value from this widely advertised competition, there must be a drastic reform of the lax interpretation accorded this year and last to the rules and regulations originally laid down; and, on the other hand, it should be recognised that too strict an adherence to such a proviso as that competitors must present their cars for the Club's inspection at a stated time, or, if late from any accidental cause, such as tyre troubles on the way to the enclosure, be subject to disqualification, is not an essential point in the furtherance of automobile improvement.

Winner GRAND PRIX Milan Exhibition.

Do you require early delivery of a Landaulette Model ?

GLADIATOR

Write us a note of your requirements.

Call and see our selection of 12 h.-p. and 24-32 h.-p. Landaulette Models now on view at our Showrooms.

THE GLADIATOR Co. (England),

8-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Telegrams: "Gladihood, London." Telephone: 1334 Gerrard.

Agents: W. & G. du Cros, Dublin (Chief Depot for Ireland); W. F. Peare, Waterford; Claud Hamilton, Ltd., Aberdeen; Thomas Shaw (Dundee) Ltd., Dundee; Rennie & Prosse, Glasgow; Forde & Wright, Birkenhead; E. J. Philpot, Canterbury; The Automobile Co. of Cardiff, Cardiff; Cleveland Car Co., Darlington; Botwood & Egerton, Ipswich; Holgate & Co., Leeds; L. Savory, London; H. Garner, Nantwich; Mann, Egerton & Co., Norwich; A. R. Atkey & Co., Nottingham; The Bridgwater Motor Co., Somerset; C. Allen & Sons, Engineers, Taunton. Transvaal: Motor Mart, Johannesburg; S. Benjamin, Cape Colony; L. Kirkwood, Durban, India; Marcks & Co., Bombay. A. J. W.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB TOURIST TROPHY.

The Race for the Tourist Trophy, held in the Isle of Man on Thursday, September 27, was a test of reliability, not mere speed. Out of the fifteen teams entered by competing firms

HUMBERS

WERE

THE ONLY TEAM TO FINISH.

Only two HUMBER CARS were entered, both started and finished respectively Fifth and Sixth, amongst 29 competitors.

THE RESULT PROVES AGAIN THE UNERRING RELIABILITY OF HUMBER CARS—THE CARS THAT NEVER FAIL.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS NOW AND ENSURE DELIVERY.

Prices from £270.

HUMBER, Ltd., BEESTON (Notts) & COVENTRY.

DEPOTS

LONDON: Holborn Circus, E.C., 13, Cambridge Place, Paddington, W.; LIVERPOOL: 27 & 33, Leece St; MANCHESTER: 33, Blackfriars St.; BIRMINGHAM: 4 Victoria Sq.; NOTTINGHAM: Grey Friar Gate: SOUTHAMPTON: 27, London Road.

Humber Cars may be Inspected at any of the above Depots. Road Trials Arranged.

ROLLS-ROYCE

WINNER

OF THIS YEAR'S

Tourist Trophy Race

BY

27 Minutes.

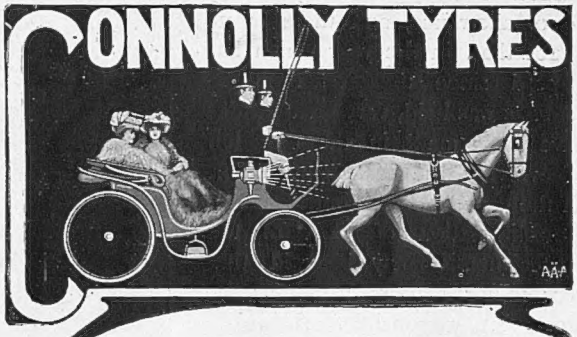
The Rolls-Royce finished 2nd last year.

C. S. ROLLS & Co.,

Sole Selling Agents for the Hallé Spring Wheel,

14 & 15, Conduit Street, London, W.

Telephones: 1497 & 1498 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Rolhead, London."



For Easy Running.

Tyre quality is now judged by Connolly quality. Experts in Carriage equipment are satisfied that Connolly Tyres possess all the qualifications which go to make an ideal tyre. There is a wide difference between the quality of Connolly Tyres and that of any other make—a difference which places Connolly Tyres far ahead of all others.

Use Connolly Tyres.

Connolly Tyres give an easiness and silence in running that add appreciably to the enjoyment of driving. They present a smarter appearance, are more securely wired, and last longer than other tyres. The wear and tear of the carriage is also lessened by using Connolly's Ideal Tyres.

ASK YOUR CARRIAGE BUILDER

to put Connolly Tyres on your wheels, or write for Booklet No. 8, and name of nearest agent, sent post free, by

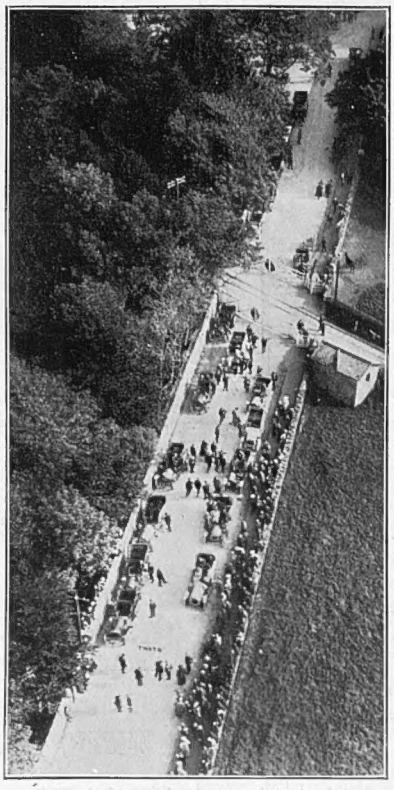
J. W. & T. CONNOLLY, Ltd., King's Cross, London, N.

Two Unique "Motor-graphs"

Causes of Elimination

But, to return to the race itself, that highly popular amateur, Mr. A. Lee Guinness, finished third, with a time of 4hr. 42min. 48sec. to the credit of his 15 h.-p. Darracq, with the 20 h.-p. Clement entered by Mr. A. Mosses close up fourth, in 4hr. 47min. 20sec. The two Humbers, hailing respectively from Beeston and Coventry, finished fifth and sixth, and it is worthy of remark that these cars were the only complete team to cover the course. Last year's winner, Mr. J. S. Napier, again drove an 18 h.-p. Arrol-Johnson, with horizontal engine, but experiencing tyre troubles in the stretch between Kirkmichael and Ramsey, he could do no better than finish seventh. Mr. A. E. Crowdy came next with his 18 h.-p. Siddeley, which had run very consistently, although scarcely fast enough for the average speed accomplished by the leaders. It came quite as a surprise to the large number of motorists present in the Isle of Man to note the high speed accomplished on the avowedly scanty petrol allowance, and there is no doubt that, in the year which has elapsed since the first of these contests was held, very great strides have been made in the direction of evolving the ideal carburettor. Of the causes which contributed to the elimination of most of the contestants, it may be said that very minor matters were, for the most part, responsible. A broken spring and a damaged radius rod were the most serious mishaps, apart from inability to finish on the fuel allowance. One point might be made, however, for attention next year, and that is, that had the precaution been taken in several cases to make fast the ballast bags representing passenger weight, much damage to body-work would have been avoided. In one notable instance, the floor-boards were shaken out of the car, with consequent loss of all ballast, some spares and personal impedimenta, and, of course, inevitable disqualification, although the car—a 16 h.-p. Argyll—did the second fastest time.

Not the least significant point about this year's race was the remarkable immunity from tyre trouble which most of the competitors enjoyed. The Dunlop and Continental Companies spared no expense in attending to the requirements of their various clients, and Mr. Rolls and the other leading drivers are loud in their praises of the excellent work done by the tyres they used over roads none too favourable to easy running at high speed.



As seen from the skies

The start for the *Graphic* Trophy, photographed by the Dunlop Company's balloon, from which the cars and crowd presented a very minute appearance

Photos *Topical Agency*

A ticklish downward curve

The 20 h.-p. James and Brown car descending the steep hill between Peel and Ramsey, which makes a sharp and dangerous curve into the village of Kirkmichael

* * *

"Graphic" Trophy Race

Although entries for the race for the trophy presented three years ago by the proprietors of the *Graphic* numbered this year only eleven, there was great interest manifested in the event. The conditions attached permitted all genuine touring cars to compete, irrespective of horse-power, so long as the price did not exceed £1,000. Thus we have a range from a car described as an 18 h.-p. S.C.A.R. to a 60 h.-p. Beeston-Humber. The distance was just over four and a half miles, with a hill one mile long, and an interval of four and a half minutes was allowed between the starting of the various cars. Mr. F. W. Baily's 50 h.-p. four-cylinder Napier did best time — 4 min. $39^4/_5$ sec. — Mr. George S. Barwick's 30-40 h.-p. Daimler taking second place, and Mr. W. Watson's 24-40 Berliet third. Mr. Hutton, who drove a very fast 50 h.-p. six-cylinder Ariel-Simplex, made remarkable time for a mile or so, when the engine ceased owing to absence of water in the radiator, and the car was unable to complete the course. Mr. Albert Farnell also experienced trouble with his 30 h.-p. Daimler, and occupied over 12min. in reaching the finishing line. The race was excellently stage-managed, and, subsequently, Lord Raglan, Governor of the Isle of Man, presented the trophy to the representative of the winning owner.

A captive balloon in the service of the Dunlop Tyre Company afforded many visitors a splendid view of the course and competing cars. More journalists than ever congregated in Douglas this year, nearly every leading paper in the country being directly represented.

"Fellowship among men is nowhere more harmonious than among smokers, since the weed seldom fails to create an atmosphere of the greatest peace and goodwill."

In order to get all the comfort, satisfaction, and hearty pleasure that tobacco can give, smoke

Gallaher's

"Gold Bond"

Mixture.

It contains to perfection that sweet, delicious flavour, that free even burn which all smokers delight in. Try "Gold Bond" Mixture To-day.

Sold in 1-oz. packets, and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins.

TESTING SAMPLE FREE. **If you will send us YOUR name and address, and also give us the name and address of your tobacconist, we will send YOU, post free, a Testing Sample of "Gold Bond" Mixture.**

GOLD BOND CIGARETTES.
The Cigarette with the indefinable charm.

GALLAHER, LTD. (***Dept. 16***), BELFAST.
We belong to no Ring or Combine.

GOLD BOND MIXTURE

Trial Bottle 6d.

Simply Comb

SEEGER'S

Through it.

Let the user beware of ignorantly compounded dyes and concoctions sold for colouring the hair. Many substitutes for Seeger's are offered. They often contain Acetate of Lead, Mercury Nitrate of Silver, and Lead. Quite apart from danger to the scalp, they give crude green, puce, and coffee-coloured tints to the hair, that make the user appear ludicrous. Better far to remain grey than to attempt to use them. **Seeger's Hair Dye gives only a natural Shade,** Auburn, Golden, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown, or Black. The best proof of the confidence that is placed in Seeger's is that **its sale is ten times that of all foreign hair dyes collectively.** Seeger's is medically certified harmless, is permanent, and washable. Trial bottle, 7d. post free; in cases, 2/-. State shade required.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, or direct Hindes (Curlers) Ltd., Finsbury, London.

CHARING-CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

28, BEDFORD ST., STRAND, W.C., and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, E.C.

Branches throughout the Provinces.

Assets £1,136,249. Liabilities, £796,788. Surplus, £339,461

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted on any class of security. 2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.

DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under. Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.

" 6 " " " 6 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Termnable Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 p.c., and are a safe investment. Instead of paying large Dividends to Shareholders, we pay a fair rate of Interest to our Depositors. We have been established for 36 years, and our unique position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus. A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

"SANITAS"

Colourless, Fragrant and Non-poisonous.

THE ONLY DISINFECTANT QUALIFIED for Household use, and in Sick Rooms, being an Ozoniser and a Germicide.

FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, INHALERS, FUMIGATORS, &c.

"HOW TO DISINFECT" Book Free.

DISINFECTANT

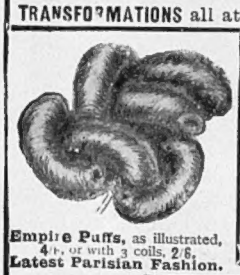
MARVELLOUS WEST END OFFER
HAIR NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL
DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS SAVE 50 PER CENT.

WIGS.
Ladies' or Gent's Best Plain, 42/-

THEATRICAL WIGS A SPECIALITY.

TRANSFORMATIONS all at **30/-**

BEST QUALITY HAIR ONLY USED. Usual West End price 5 Guineas. *Other Designs all at* 30/-. *See our Illustrated Catalogue.* *Fringes all at 6/6.* Worth a Guinea



Empire Puffs, as illustrated, 4/6, or with 3 coils, 2/6. **Latest Parisian Fashion.**

TAILS OF BEST QUALITY PURE HAIR.

16 in., 2/6; 18 in., 3/6; 20 in., 5/-; 22 in., 7/-; 24 in., 11/6; 26 in., 15/-; 28 in., 20/-

Circular Frames Covered with Long Natural Hair, beautifully Waved, 10/6.

Fringe Nets, Largest Size, 2/- half doz., 3/9 doz. Made of Human Hair.

Expert Workmanship. Orders by post receive personal supervision. Satisfaction guaranteed.

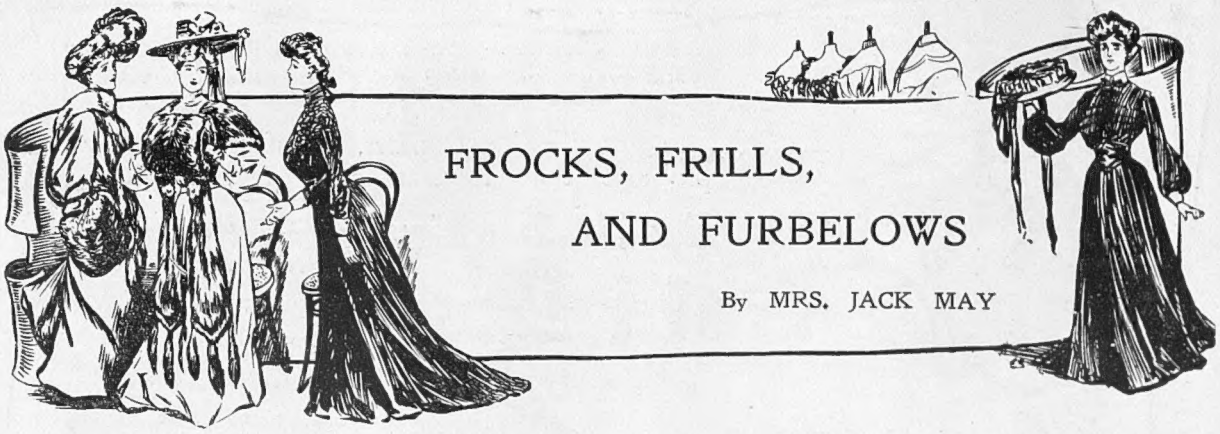
Ours is a Private West End Establishment, not a Shop.

We send Easy Self-Measurement Form for Ladies unable to call. **Write To-Day** for our Illustrated Booklet of Transformations, &c., entitled **"How to be Beautiful."** Post Free to any part of the World.

Manageress seen daily, 10 to 6. Saturdays, 10 to 1.

Beware of Firms TRADING on our reputation.

THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO.,
DEPT. B 10, NEWMAN ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Deary, deary me! We live in strange and wonderful days. Have you heard the very latest? Perhaps not, though, as the decree simply rules amidst a smart, exclusive circle up North. It has to do with knicker-bocker stockings, worn by the stern sex. These are now built with perpendicularly striped tops, and, according to the colour of the stripe, there is worn a garter that finishes on the outside of the leg in hanging ribbon loops and ends. Obviously, the idea has been gathered from the correct Highland dress, and—well, in appearance it is rather silly and effeminate. But there it is, and here is my faithful chronicling of the fact of its existence. The knitting of these stockings, furthermore, serves to uphold the pose of poverty, which is quite a cult nowadays amidst a certain section of Society women. Needless to say, this assumption of need is well assured of never becoming hard fact. Nevertheless, these self-imposed tasks are toiled at with a persistency that might, with every advantage, be emulated by members in a considerably lower strata of Society.

But the world is altogether very topsy-turvy just now, and in more ways than one are we to be likened

To children crying in the night,
Children crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

A Regal Luxury
(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Fabrics to be Courted

Although it is well under a decade since we were worshipping at the shrine of Ottoman silk, this particular type of ribbed silk disappeared as completely from the modistic horizon as though it had never been. And now, without any premonitory signs, it is with us again, in both the fine and coarse-ribbed qualities adored alike of modiste and milliner. The new finish has rather a satin surface, and the colourings, as goes without saying, are superb. At present, preference is given to the fine rib, although, by those who keep their finger on the pulse of fashion, it is predicted the veritable raised furrow of a rib, is merely a question of time.

Also, you are entreated to regard with every confidence a new uncrushable chiffon velveteen. Just how admirable this is may be gathered from the fact that even expert